

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

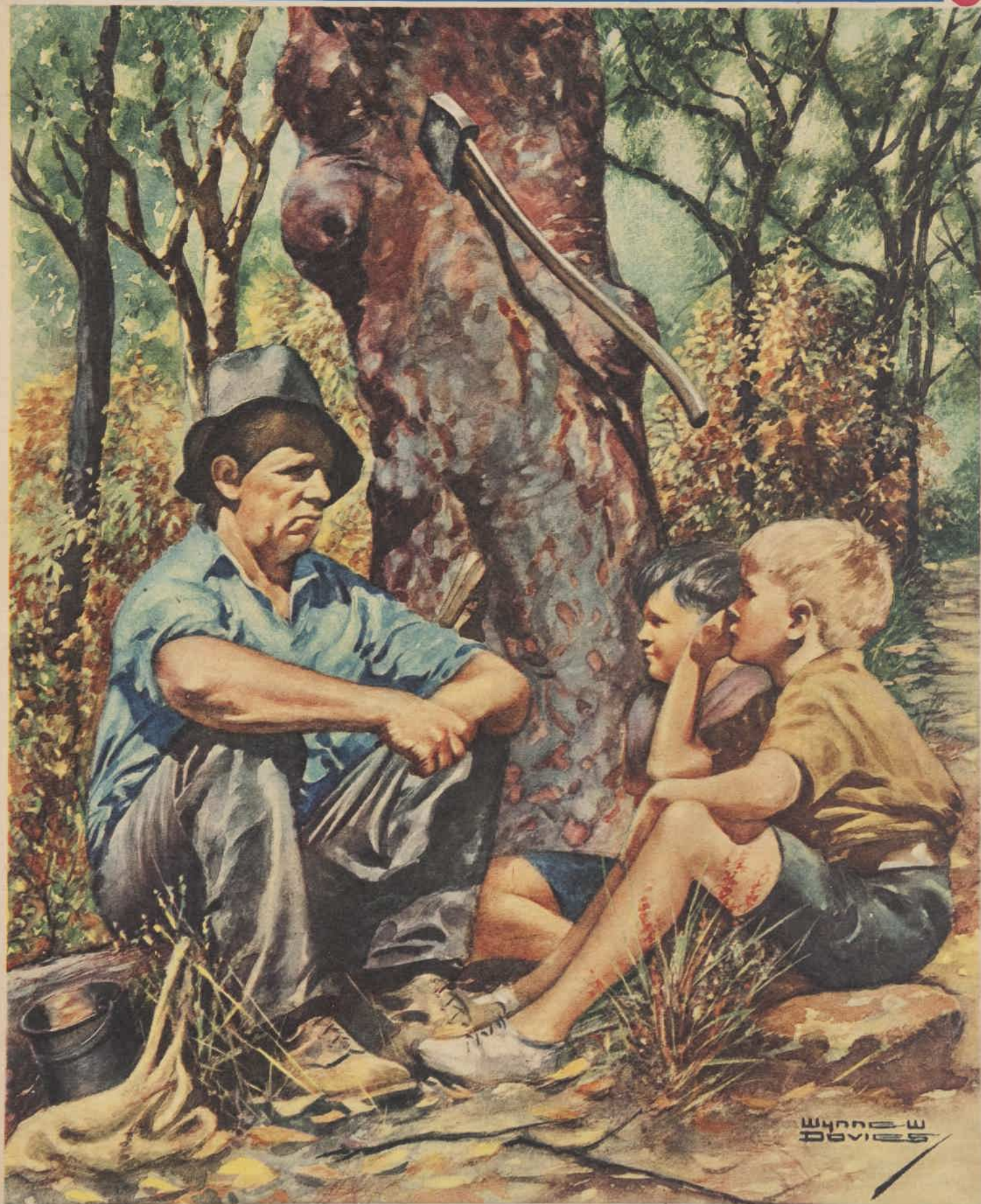
Over 450,000 Copies Sold Every Week

October 18, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission  
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3d



**Bush lore**

Painting from life by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES





AFRICAN TRAINED NURSES with three of their charges.



DR. WHITE with his wife and young son, David.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJ.-GEN. F. K. SIMMONS

... key fortress

COMMANDER of Singapore fortress, Britain's vital key post in the Far East, is Major-General F. K. Simmons. He was transferred there last year from Shanghai, where he commanded British troops. Before that Major-General Simmons was attached to General Wavell's staff in Palestine.

Recently visited Australia to spend brief leave with his wife and children, here for the war duration.



MISS VERONICA PIKE

... women lawyers

MISS VERONICA PIKE, Sydney solicitor, is convener of Sydney's first Women Lawyers' Association. Chief purpose of the association is to enable women lawyers to give representative opinions on social and legal questions.

Miss Pike is one of the five practising women solicitors in Sydney. Her work is mainly concerned with domestic relations cases.



DR. C. H. KELLAWAY

... medical research

FAMOUS for his research work, Dr. C. H. Kellaway, director Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Melbourne, is being sent abroad by the Commonwealth Government to do medical research. He will be attached to the Australian Scientific Mission in England and U.S.A.

Last year Dr. Kellaway was accorded the rare honor of a Fellowship of the Royal Society. "There is no life so interesting as that of a medical researcher," he declares.

# Taking Truby King to Tanganyika

## Australian doctor and nurses save lives of mothers and babies

Twice a week British news bulletins of the war are broadcast from Nairobi in the Swahili language, that of the natives of East Africa.

Every time the announcer mentions Hitler's name the natives spit, says Dr. Paul White, recently returned from four years as medical superintendent of the Church Missionary Society hospitals in Tanganyika.

THE natives used to gather regularly at Dr. White's house in Mvumi, where the mission's base hospital is.

"Their dislike of Germany is not the result of propaganda," said Dr. White. "Tanganyika, now a British mandate, was formerly a German colony."

"The natives hated the harsh German administration, for the Germans were concerned with them only as cheap labor."

"Under the British mandate the natives enjoy an indirect rule, and their welfare is a primary consideration."

In the 365,000 square miles of Tanganyika are five million Africans, mostly of the Bantu race, 20,000 Indians, and only 3000 Europeans.

Scattered through this wild land, mostly desert country where wild animals roam, are six C.M.S. hospitals, staffed by five Australian nurses and one New Zealander.

The nurses are Sisters May Dobson, of Hobart; Narelle Bullard, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney; Gladys Hampel (who trained at Royal North Shore Hospital in Sydney); Violet Payne, of Ballarat, Victoria; Marjorie



NATIVE NURSES weighing babies for native mothers at a C.M.S. hospital in the lion country of Tanganyika.

Paul (who trained at the Balmain Hospital, Sydney); and Ruby Lindsay, of New Zealand.

At Mvumi, Place of the Winds, where Dr. White had his headquarters, he and his wife and three women who conducted the mission school were the only white people among the 5000 natives.

When, four years ago, Dr. White gave up his position as superintendent of Ryde Hospital for a salary of £150 a year in Tanganyika, he was only 27.

A graduate of Sydney University, a champion middle-distance runner (he still holds the Varsity half-mile record), he was regarded as unimpressively young by the natives when he arrived.

"But everything was all right when they found I had a wife and, more important, a child," said Dr. White.

"The natives regard parenthood as a definitely superior status. It is considered a disgrace for a woman to be childless."

Nevertheless, left to themselves, the Bantus have an infant death-rate of 780 per thousand.

In his four years there Dr. White reduced the rate among the natives under mission hospital supervision to 190 per thousand.

Forcibly fed from birth with a kind of coarse porridge, it is a fortunate Bantu child who survives its first year.

But in ten years six Australian nurses have been busy introducing Truby King to Tanganyika.

They have trained 40 certificated African midwives, and these nurses, correlating Truby King with native custom, have helped spread the gospel of ante-natal care and natural feeding.

In open-air clinics under the shade of the ubiquitous baobab trees, native mothers learn proper methods of bathing baby (using wood ashes instead of soap), and bring their infants along for their weekly weigh.

"One outstanding native nurse," said Dr. White, "who speaks fluent English, reads the English poets, and plays the organ, is excellent at combining modern mothercraft with native customs."

"Her best propaganda is that her own baby, which weighed four pounds at birth, was, after a year,

bigger and better than any of the other local babies."

"Another, a grandmother, Sechelala, began her career as a nurse to British pioneer families. Later she was trained at the mission hospitals."

"Now she is an efficient nurse. She can read but not write. When she takes a temperature she makes a blue pencil mark for normal, a red one for above normal."

Last year an African baby at Kongwa, one of the mission hospitals, under the care of a Sydney girl, Nurse Narelle Bullard, won second place in the world in International Baby Week. (A couple of years before welfare services in West Australia took first place)

"Baby Weeks are held every year," said Dr. White, "but profiting by the experience of white baby shows, we don't give a first prize. We give everyone a prize of a pound of rice."

"The native nurses arrange little propaganda playlets, showing the advantage of natural feeding, the unsatisfactory method of native midwives, how the microscope has helped to detect the causes of malaria, and so on."

"We teach fathercraft, too, and many a native father who formerly considered the children his wife's concern now proudly displays a cot made by himself from baobab bark rope and local timber."

Mothercraft is only one of the medical problems in Africa. Injuries from wild animals—lions, hyenas, baboons, snakes, scorpions, and crocodiles—are commonplace.

At night the lions can be heard roaring from the little lime-washed buildings of the mission in Mvumi.

The nurses, stationed variously at Berega, Kongwa, Mwapapa, Bui-giri, and Kilimatindi, may sometimes not see other white people for weeks. They travel as far as 50 miles to outclinics, through lion-infested country, in their monowheel carriages drawn by natives.

"Often these girls, especially during the wet season, may find themselves a hundred miles or more from the nearest doctor," said Dr. White. "They have to take responsibility—sometimes which normally would be the province of a doctor."

"They are doing a magnificent job, and are building up a new and better world in Africa."

## DON'T SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET Put Them Right With Zam-Buk

WOMEN especially know what it means to be on the feet all day. Most are busy about the house—and there's the shopping, too—while others have to stand hours at their work. No wonder the feet become tender and sore. But why suffer in this way, or from such prevalent foot troubles as blisters, corns, etc., when Zam-Buk will keep your feet in fine condition.

First bathe feet in warm water. Then, after drying them thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened. Start with Zam-Buk to-night for real foot comfort. 1/2 or 3/8—All Chemists and Stores



Navy, Army or Air Force  
Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



JANE RANDAL was out of humor with life. It was all the fault of the war, she thought. Or was it? It was perhaps too easy to lay the blame for all unhappiness and bitterness on something which was the root of so much evil.

She put down her book and moved restlessly about the room. She wore a rather shabby housecoat of grey and pink wool that blurred the lines of her strong, youthful body and dimmed the red-gold of her softly waving hair. She was thirty, and at times, she guessed, looked at least forty.

And her marriage to Robert was going on the rocks. She stood still, facing the fact, saying the words in her own mind. No, not on the rocks—that implied something altogether too dramatic—but drifting into a sluggish backwater of stale boredom.

It had really begun before the war, when she had first realised that Robert was fast becoming a fashionable doctor in nervous diseases and their life became so different from what they had planned—being poor together, working together so that they could share the expenses of the flat and the housekeeping. It had been like that for the first year, while Robert was writing his book.

They had not foreseen the book's success or the flock of introductions and openings that had resulted from its publication, so that gradually Robert had been weaned away from his chief occupation with the health of nervous children to an ever-growing list of sick or distraught women patients, who found his blunt good looks an added attraction to his sound advice.

Well, let them find him attractive, she thought angrily. She didn't. There were other men in the world, after all.

Her mind leaped back to a conversation they had had only a few nights before. Robert had said: "I've had the offer of a full wartime job, taking charge of a camp for defective children near Stoke Pilbury. It would mean moving down there, of course, and losing most of my best patients."

"Then obviously it's out of the question," she had said, and gone on with her book.

He had not argued about it, merely shrugged his shoulders. But he had not yet turned it down, she knew.

Stoke Pilbury. Why was the name so familiar? Of course, that was the town near Neville Carr's country home—Neville Carr, who was now a film star and had once been only her school friend's handsome cousin.

A sudden wave of excitement, such as she had not felt for months, passed over Jane. She had been mad about Neville at sixteen. He had been so picturesquely handsome, during that holiday in Ireland with Ellen's family. Jane had never seen him since, except on the screen, but then she had felt a sentimental pang for her romantic youth.

She had little doubt that he would remember her, for they had had a boy and girl flirtation that had, she guessed now, stirred him a good deal more than she had understood at the time.

A renewal of that flirtation would be stimulating to her own self-esteem and might possibly wake Robert from the humdrum tenor of their days and nights together. Jane got quickly to her feet, and opened the door that led to her husband's study.

"Robert, I think I'd like you to take that job in the country after all."

He lifted his head from his papers and stared at her. There was, she noticed, a guarded look, almost of hostility, in his grey eyes.

He said grimly: "It will mean a great deal less money."

"It doesn't matter," she added. "Is there a house to go to, or does it mean rooms?"

He glanced at the letter on his desk. "There is a house or cottage in the village about a couple of miles away from the camp; it's unfurnished, that's all it says, and has a useful garden."

"To sit in, I suppose, but that's not awfully encouraging in mid-winter."

"To grow vegetables in, I imagine."

"Well, anyhow, I'd like to go," she said impatiently.

"All right, I'll write at once."

At the door she turned to look at him. Good looking, she supposed. Charming when he liked. Neville, she decided, might prove a tool, a

**Story of  
a wife  
who had  
to revise  
her scale  
of values**

*"My husband's  
very aggravating  
at times, but all  
men are," said  
Lesley, stretch-  
ing herself out  
comfortably.*

weapon rather, to force Robert's attention back to his own wife.

There would be excitement in that, perhaps, after all. She would become again the glamorous, lovely wife who would utterly eclipse the girl Robert had known on his honeymoon. Or, if not that, then the affair with Neville might develop into something more serious.

A sudden glow of color came into her cheeks, as she saw with clarity the type of life she would make for herself. She would cultivate the elegancies of life, and in the depth of the country they would take on a new sophistication and poignancy.

Her bedroom should have a glass-topped dressing-table, with a seat in front of its triple mirror, and a big white fur rug; bottles of amusing new perfumes and cosmetics should gleam on the narrow glass shelves. Her country neighbors would be not a little impressed.

A dignified small Georgian house,

or possibly a picturesque thatched cottage with a few large rooms, was how Jane had imagined her new home.

It proved to be neither, although it was certainly old. It stood in the very centre of the village High Street, flanked by tightly huddling cottages. It had once been an inn, and later a butcher's shop. Every room had a step up or a step down. Ceilings sloped at odd angles and there were low beams to harass the unwary.

With something like exasperation Jane had to admit, in spite of all this, that it was an attractive little house.

"Of course, it must be color-washed throughout," Jane said.

Robert looked doubtful. "It'll be difficult to get a local man, from what they say."

"Then we must get decorators down from town."

"We can't afford that," he told her, and paused, eyeing her doubt-

# BE YOUR AGE

By Nancy Jay



in the old stable at the back of the house.

As she thought, here were some distemper brushes. She took them to the sink to clean them. It was dirty work. Picking the flowers had already stained her fingers. But there would be heaps of time later, when they were really settled in, to dress up. This was a bad beginning for glamor.

Time to dress up in her new clothes and look up Neville's number in the telephone book.

She was startled by a sudden clamor of sound outside the window and, cautiously lifting the black-out curtain, she peered into the village street. Two men with fixed bayonets lounged comfortably against her front porch, and she realised with a mixture of relief and annoyance that they were members of the local Home Guard.

The next day the vicar's wife called, a vague, good-natured woman, who obviously would not be impressed by smart clothes.

She leaned over Jane's garden wall and said: "I hope you'll like it here. You'll find your house is literally the centre of the village. It'll be all right if you get on with the villagers, who are a fine lot, but there's no so-called society nearer than Stoke Pilbury, and they're not worth much. My name's Ruth Lane. I live in the vicarage down the road. Good morning."

No society. No one but the villagers and the staff from the camp. The idea of amusing little sherry parties where her hostess gowns would impress the local wives receded.

It receded still further when, on extensive inquiries, Jane discovered that help in the form of some neat young girl to come in daily was absolutely unobtainable. There was just Mrs. Bird, who could oblige by "running in for a hour when she had time."

Jane had boiled herself an egg for lunch and was sitting thoughtfully smoking a cigarette and turning over the pages of the telephone book when the milkman arrived. He had not, however, come about milk, but in his capacity as head of the local A.F.S. It seemed that the late occupants of Star House had taken messages.

"Will you be keeping the phone, Mrs. Randal?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you be willing to be our messenger, perhaps, Mrs. Randal, as you have the only telephone in the centre of the village? I can't rely on my own phone because I'm out at nights sometimes, working about the place, and my wife can't leave the kids."

"What do I do?" Jane asked warily.

"Well—he was obviously torn between breaking the news of her duties gently and giving her something of credit for the importance of her position—"you get the raid warning signals from Stoke Pilbury, and then you just jump on your bicycle and come down to me, calling up a couple of the other chaps on the way. We do the rest, but it's important work, national work, Mrs. Randal, and you'd be issued with an armband, I dare say. You then stand by at my house for more calls."

"But I haven't got a bike," Jane said faintly.

"That's easily remedied. You can have my daughter's, it'll be just your size."

Ten minutes later, as Jane ushered him into the street, she told herself she'd been a fool to allow him to persuade her to take the job.

"An armband, indeed!" she muttered irritably. "A tin hat would be more to the point."

fully before he went on with a rush: "You might as well know, my salary is exactly £300 a year."

"Good heavens!" Jane sat down abruptly on a convenient stair.

"That's about £6 a week, isn't it?"

"About that. But I suppose you've got some money put by?"

"A little," Jane said, and thought how very little, after her last-minute expenditures in town, of which Robert knew nothing. Dinner gowns, ninnies

underclothes, housecoats, and some absurd barbaric jewellery, not to mention yards and yards of pale star-patterned satin for window curtains and bedspreads, and the great white fur rug.

"But it must be distempered at any rate," she insisted. "The marks of the other people's furniture and pictures show."

Robert shrugged. "Put ours in front of 'em."

He went out, leaving Jane alone in the dusk-filled room. A fire leaped in the wide grate, making the furniture gleam and shining on an old lustre jug on the bookcase.

Although nothing was properly arranged yet, Jane went out into the big garden and came back with an armful of late chrysanthemums, pink, shaggy, and frosty smelling; she placed them in the old jug and sat down to admire them.

No, she decided, she wouldn't rearrange the furniture to suit the last tenant's wall marks. She went out again, rummaging by torchlight

Please turn to page 32



# TWO FEET FROM HEAVEN

**Relentlessly the dark shadow of the past overtakes the man who sought desperately to escape it. Continuing our forceful serial.**

**S**ACRIFICING herself to save the man she loves, a London slum girl gives herself up to the police as a murderer.

During the coroner's inquest on the murder, the famous artist DENZIL MARINDIN chances to enter the court, and is so struck by the girl's appearance that he sketches her as a model for his painting, "The Trial of Joan of Arc." To his utter amazement, his friend, the REV. RICHARD NEYSTOKE, collapses at sight of the picture, years later.

Neystoke, although beloved as the vicar of his country parish, suffers acutely from nervous disorder, and this further increases when evacuees are sent to the village and a Cockney boy known as "TILER" is billeted at the vicarage. Finally, Neystoke's wife, JACINTHA, Marindin, and DR. BENNETT persuade him to consult DR. FIELDWICKE, a leading neurologist.

He enters Marstone Park, Dr. Fieldwicke's nursing home, full of misgivings, and cheered only by the friendly charm of SISTER ELSPETH GREY, the matron.

Now read on—

**F**OR the first fortnight of his new and strange life at Marstone Park, Richard Neystoke was profoundly miserable. His daily interviews with one or other of the two principal psychotherapists, Dr. Fieldwicke and his partner Dr. Stortford, were painful, repugnant, and humiliating. He feared and hated them.

The questions that the doctors asked seemed to aim at stripping layer after layer of protective and defensive covering until his very soul was laid bare, which was precisely what they did aim at; although what Neystoke called his soul the doctors called his subconscious mind.

He bore it badly, this probing, searching, relentless questioning that dug and delved into his past life, from earliest childhood up to the time when his illness began. At the end of the week he felt that he could bear it no longer, and but for the comforting advice of the matron, and the fear of what Jacintha, Dr. Bennett, and his friend Marindin would say, he would have fled.

"Don't be silly," urged the matron, Elspeth Grey, "and don't be weak and cowardly. Stick it out. Face it as you would an operation. It is an operation, and a painful one; but what does that matter, if it leads to a cure—as it will. Of course it will, if you co-operate with the doctors."

"I feel worse than I did when I came," replied Neystoke.

"And you'll soon feel worse than you do now," was the reply. "But there are people here who feel far worse than you do, Mr. Neystoke—or ever did."

He hated it when she talked like that. (Another thing to hate about the beastly place!) But he did not hate her. Very far from it; and he wanted to stand well with her, be worthy in her sight, impress her favorably, and win her sympathy.

And the beastly place was extraordinarily comfortable and well managed. Nor were his days anything but restful, easy and pleasant, save for the infernal inquisition that got ever nearer and nearer to his secret.

And what was the use of their digging and delving in his subconscious mind when the whole terrible trouble was there in his consciousness; there always, day and night, in his thoughts and his dreams. He had been a fool to come. It was a waste of time, and it was extra and unnecessary suffering and cruelty. He knew what was on his conscience—and he'd take good care that they never knew it.

Sister Grey might help him perhaps a little . . . a little . . . when she knew him better. If only he could go to her, as a child to its mother, and tell her everything . . .

Each morning he arose, at leisure, after a dainty early-tea in bed; went into the nice little "communicating" dressing-room; shaved and dressed without haste; descended to the sunny cheerful breakfast-room for an excellent meal of eggs-and-bacon and coffee; went for a stroll in the grounds after he had glanced at the paper, during a digestive rest in a deep armchair in the hall; and then, in fear and trembling, went to the quiet cosy consulting-room for his interview with Dr. Fieldwicke or Dr. Stortford, according to the day.

From the interviews he would emerge trembling, sweating, feeling ill to the depths of his soul and the extremities of his body. He would then go and lie down on his bed, and Nurse Weston, his special nurse, would minister to him with mental and medical comfort and cheer. After a talk with her and the taking of a sedative, he would gradually feel better and she would leave him to have a nap or to read a book.

At one o'clock he would go down to lunch; and, forgetting his troubles, his physical aches and pains, enjoy the bright and cheerful conversation of the nurses and of those of his fellow-patients well enough to be downstairs and willing enough to enter into the corporate and communal life of the house.

Richard Neystoke soon discovered that, even among these, there were many patients who suffered as much as he did, and made no moan.

After lunch, he would sit awhile in the hall, the great conservatory or "winter-garden," the library, or out on the terrace, and then go for a walk, usually to the cliff edge, with Nurse Weston, who, he realised, was an adept at conducting the conversation into the channel that she desired. And this channel invariably led round to himself; his doings; his tastes, hobbies, work, opinions, likes and dislikes; his experiences and the general history of his life.

She did not question him, orally examine him, and (in his own words) "grill" him as the doctors did; but with a skill that he could more easily admire than evade she made him talk about himself.

Most of us find ourselves pleasant subjects of conversation and Nurse Weston learned a great deal about Richard Neystoke. This, as in duty bound, she duly reported to Dr. Stortford at her daily interview with him, an interview held for this purpose.

After the walk came tea in the drawing-room and the opportunity of conversation with the lady patients, most of whom were not much in evidence until this hour of the day.

The evening, until dinner, was spent at billiards or cards, in reading or conversation, in letter-writing or the pursuit of such time-killing devices as picture-puzzle arranging, patience-playing, and particularly any form of work that patients could be induced to undertake.

It was a leading article of faith at Marstone Park that occupation is salvation and one of the most important duties of the nurses was to find something for every patient to do.

If he were not bed-ridden he must have a job and a hobby; something suitable to his years, abilities and gifts must be found to employ such of his time as was not devoted to outdoor exercise or games and to indoor reading and diversions, such as bridge and billiards. There must be no vacuous idling, no brooding upon real or imaginary woes and illnesses.

Richard Neystoke, who played



*Skilfully, during their afternoon walk, Nurse Weston encouraged Richard Neystoke to talk about himself.*

neither cards nor billiards, but was a great reader, was set a course of study for his early evening occupation, the reading of a subject of which he was ignorant, and the following of which would give him plenty of mental exercise and something to think about—especially in relation to himself.

At present he was wrestling with a deep and difficult subject, set forth by a very learned psychologist in a fat tome entitled "The Unconscious Mind." For relief, if not recreation, he was provided with a somewhat lighter book entitled "Dream Symbolism and the Subconscious." He found the going heavy and the reading grim.

At seven he would return to his room and dress for dinner. This was another delightful meal, well cooked and served, again rendered cheerful and bright by the efforts of the nurses who sat among the patients and worked hard to turn what might have been a depressing and dismal function into an excellent imitation of a social occasion.

After dinner, music in the drawing-room, conversation, reading, billiards, cards and similar mild diversions until time for an early retirement to bed, all patients being encouraged to be there by ten o'clock. Few needed much encouragement, sleep being their haven and their heaven, their release from thought and from suffering.

No patient retired earlier than Richard Neystoke, for it was when he had gone to bed that Sister Grey, on her rounds, came and talked to him, providing the one bright spot in his unhappy day, and almost invariably giving him the comfort that he needed and the sympathy for which he yearned.

Of his companions in misfortune, Neystoke soon found one or two interesting, agreeable and amusing; some dull, unattractive and depressing; one, at least, alarming; others pleasant enough but self-centred and concerned solely with their own symptoms and sufferings.

One who intrigued Neystoke from the first was Mr. Pothering, a sprightly gentleman of middle-age; a barrister, wealthy, widely-travelled and experienced; a charming and polished citizen of the world. Beyond looking somewhat worn and haggard, he appeared to be in good health, played eighteen holes of golf without undue fatigue, and seemed to enjoy life as much as most healthy people do.

Yet he staggered Neystoke one day by telling him how, in the dark at night, his shoes tormented him, whispering to each other to taunt and disturb him.

One night, when Sister Grey came for her usual talk with him—a talk of which the subject-matter was more carefully selected, arranged and guided than he ever realised—he ventured to ask her a question that was troubling his mind.

"Forgive me for asking, Sister," he said, "but is Mr. Pothering mad?"

"No more mad than you or me," was the answer, given in the firm and quiet voice that he so greatly liked to hear. "He is perfectly sane in the ordinary sense of the word."

"Like everyone else here," she added. "And don't forget that you must not ask me questions about the other patients, for I shall no more discuss them with you than I would discuss you with them. Now tell me what you have been doing today, besides going for a walk with Mr. Pothering."

"Oh, nothing much. I read some of 'Thus Spake Zarathustra,' and I had a delightful stroll with Nurse Weston this morning, and . . ."

"And gave her the slip, didn't you?" smiled Sister Grey. "And found your way down to the beach?"

"How did you know that?" asked Neystoke in considerable surprise; for, having abandoned and eluded Nurse Weston when she went into the lodge at the southern entrance to the park, he was quite unjustifiably certain that no one had seen him go off or could have known where he went . . . Who had been spying upon him? It was really intolerable, outrageous, and he'd . . .

"How did you know?" he repeated as Sister Grey smiled at him as does a wise mother at a foolish child.

Please turn to page 34



## Exciting murder mystery story

**A**LL right, Sergeant Jenner, I'll come straight along." Divisional Detective-Inspector Hurst hitched up the telephone receiver and turned to take his bowler hat from a peg near the door of the detectives' room.

"Get the car, Bragg," he said to a large young man in a mackintosh who had just come in. Both men were inclined to yawn, as they had been called abruptly from their beds. The hour was 7.15 a.m.

Detective-Constable John Bragg had been transferred to the south-eastern area of the C.I.D. only two days previously and he was eager to make a good start.

He was a young man who had earned something of a name for himself while still a constable, for he had an excellent memory for details—the kind of details which, apparently trivial in themselves, may form the key-piece of a jigsaw puzzle. And he had used that memory to such good effect that it had won him a transfer to the C.I.D.

He was driving the police car and Inspector Hurst was beside him. The senior officer said:

"This job we're going to . . . nothing to it, probably. The usual 'head in the gas-oven' suicide. But they have to be looked into. A draper in a small way, name of Bransome, got a shop off Lewisham High Street and a house—where we're going—in Pantons Road, off Blackheath. About forty-five, I gather, married, no children. That's all Sergeant Jenner could tell me. Turn right here."

# COTTON-WOOL AND CUTLETS

by

Henry Wade

twelve hours ago, I should say." He glanced at his watch. "Call it between 9 p.m. and midnight, if you like."

"Have you seen the wife, sir?"

"Yes, she's upstairs. I told her to lie down and rest. I thought you'd like her to be out of the way for a bit. Slightly hysterical, but not really bad. She'll be able to talk when you want her."

"All right, thank you, sir. I won't keep you any longer now, I'll send this along to the hospital mortuary within an hour."

When the doctor was gone Hurst knelt down beside the body, studying the position; then, with the help of Bragg, he pulled it out of the oven and himself crawled into a similar position, head well inside, shoulders jammed up against the entrance.

"He could have done that all right himself," he said, scrambling to his feet and brushing his clothes.

"What about doors and windows, Jenner?"

"All shut, sir; but not stuck up in any way; no newspaper pasted over the cracks as they often do. But then, with his head inside the oven, that wouldn't really be necessary."

"Evidently not," said Hurst, glancing at the dead man. "Who found him?"

"Mrs. Bransome, sir. Says she woke and smelt gas. Came down and found him, then rushed out screaming."

Hurst nodded. "Doors locked?"

"So she says. She unlocked the front door to run out. This back door—he indicated a door at his side—"is still locked. Window latched. Window in living-room not latched . . . but I should say they were a careless couple—untidy, too."

"So I noticed. I'll have a word with

Mrs. Bransome. Any other women in the house?"

"A girl of sorts. Comes every morning at seven. Mrs. Bransome lets her in. She arrived to-day soon after Mrs. Bransome ran out. I stopped her doing any tidying-up. A neighbor brought in a cup of tea and some food for Mrs. Bransome. She's gone—the neighbor—but the girl's upstairs somewhere now."

"Get her to ask Mrs. Bransome if she can come down and see me—in the front room. Bragg, have a look round in here and in the sitting-room, but don't disturb anything and don't touch anything that may have prints. We must take them as a matter of form."

"Don't bother to wait after you've told the girl, Sergeant Jenner. I'll take charge now. Leave that constable at the gate, though, and perhaps you'll arrange for an ambulance to come along."

As soon as his chief had gone, Bragg got to work. Standing in the middle of the little kitchen, he made a quick sketch of the room in his notebook, marking the positions of doors, window, oven, sink, furnace, cupboard, table, and other details.

He noticed that both the handle to the oven door and its gas tap would take a finger-print and even the naked eye could see that there were signs of the characteristic ridges. Apart from the body, there seemed nothing else of interest in the room.

Then he went into the living-room and did the same there. He drew neatly and quickly, the result of his training as a detective. Having got his outline of the room and its principal features, he started to look round for any details that might be significant.

Nothing leaped to the eye, so he started to memorise the lot. The supper table was his first objective. It was laid for two people,

## Clever criminals; but they made one fatal error

and Bragg noticed again the untidiness of this household. Although a dish of tinned pairs had been the second supper course, the plates of the first course had not been taken off the table, but merely pushed to one side.

On one of the plates was a cutlet bone, on the other, two. Beside one plate was a glass from which beer had evidently been drunk, while an empty bottle stood in front of it. These, no doubt, would also be checked over for fingerprints.

On the hearth, where there was no fire, was an empty cigarette packet, while two stubs lay, one inside, one outside the fender. Bragg collected all three.

Next the heap of sewing caught his eye. It did not take long for a married man to identify it as a female garment in embryo. A wire-lass set stood on the table in the window, and, turning it on for a moment—the knob could hold no prints—Bragg noticed that it had a powerful amplifier.

That seemed to be all in the living-room, and Bragg returned to the kitchen.

Please turn to page 10



Fred Yates was making for the door, but Bragg sprang swiftly after him.



# CO-PILOTS DON'T TALK BACK



*In the cabin Streeter and Sayre were doing what they could to prepare for the emergency landing, while the passengers looked on anxiously.*

**D**IVISION Manager Barlow leaned back in his chair and made a pyramid of his fingers in front of pursed, thoughtful lips.

The problem had worried him and his two senior pilots all the afternoon. This business of releasing surplus co-pilots at the end of a winter's season was tough on everyone. You never knew if you were keeping the right man.

"Well," Barlow said to Capt. Sam Carson, Inter-American Airways' retiring chief pilot, "you feel sure, then, that Harley and Gibbs should be released and not re-employed. What about Vare?"

Captain Carson took a deep drag on his cigarette and crunched it out. He glanced at Captain Bo Streeter, sitting beside him, and said to Barlow, "I can't make up my mind about Vare. There's something about him I like. I wish I could take him down through the islands the way we'd planned. After ten days with him, I ought to be able to tell you."

Barlow watched the express taxiing towards its float at the dock. He was thinking, "If there were only some way of predicting what a pilot would do in various types of emergencies—" For ten years he had been trying to remove the human element from aviation, and he knew it couldn't be done.

He looked back at Sam Carson. "Usually you can tell about a co-pilot without all this hemming and hawing. What's the matter with Vare? If he can't fly, let's fire him."

Carson shook his big, shaggy head. "It's not his flying I'm afraid of. It's his reaction to things—his attitude."

"What about his attitude?" Barlow asked crisply. This was important. Every co-pilot was ex-

pected to become a captain some day.

"Well," Carson said hesitantly, "I don't like to give any man a black eye, but Vare's had some experience as a first pilot down in South America, or somewhere, and—well, you know how hard it is for a man to step down from command, once he's had it."

"You mean he's insubordinate?" Barlow demanded.

"Not exactly," Carson searched for the word. "I'm afraid he's just the wrong sort of pilot for Inter-American. But I wouldn't want to say, definitely, until I've had more chance to fly with him."

"You won't get that," Barlow said. "You're leaving for Baltimore to-night. But Bo's taking your place, and he can fly with Vare. You'd better tell Bo something about him."

Carson looked over at Bo Streeter. He grinned with a faint derision. "If I were a psychologist like you, Bo," he said, "I'd know about Vare. All I can figure is he's hot-headed, and he's a little on the big-mouth, wise-cracking, smart-aleck side—and yet with all that, he's really a pretty nice sort of guy. I've got a hunch the man's scared."

"Of what?" Bo Streeter demanded. "You?"

"No. Of losing his job. I think maybe this touchiness and smart-aleck belligerence are just an unconscious defence. But I'm not sure. Maybe he can't make the grade."

"Well," Barlow said, "we'll find out. Bo, you take the trip to-morrow that Sam was scheduled for. You take Vare down through the islands for ten days and you'll know."

Whatever your recommendation is, it'll be final."

He made a faint line through John H. Vare's name on the surplus co-pilot list.

At 6.28 the next morning, First Officer Johnny Vare parked his car in the employees' lot at the Inter-American Airways base on Biscayne Bay. Laden with his accoutrements, his bag, and his brief-case filled with his flight manual and harbor charts and navigational charts and instruments, he followed the curve of the sidewalk toward the terminal building, swinging easily along, a tall, lean-faced, dark-haired man with a wide, determined mouth.

It was a windy dark morning. Johnny Vare breathed deeply of the smell of salt, feeling the perennial excitement he always felt when he

They were just kids, really, out of flying school last year, and they accepted everything without question.

Johnny was thirty-two, and the only flying-school he had ever attended was the school of experience. He had six thousand hours as a first pilot himself, piled up on the jungle runs that crisscrossed Central America, where you didn't last long if you wouldn't fight for your rights at the drop of a hat, and if you couldn't think and act fast in emergencies.

He would have been down there yet, if fever and dysentery hadn't half-killed him. But they had and so here he was back in the States, trying to start over again.

When he walked into the section room now, where the flight crews always checked in for a study of weather maps and winds aloft and other data pertinent to their trips,

he didn't see Captain Carson. Capt. Bo Streeter, a short, bulky man with a square face and grey eyes as hard as steel drills, was standing at the section manager's desk, assembling charts he had pulled from his brief-case.

"Good morning, sir," Johnny said. "Has Captain Carson been in?"

Captain Streeter pulled back his uniform cuff and looked at his watch. "You're two minutes late," he said in his dry, precise voice.

Johnny grinned, feeling thankful Bo Streeter wasn't taking him on this check ride. Streeter was an ex-naval officer with an unbending severity and a penchant for appraising his flying mates on a basis of psychological analysis.

It was just like Streeter to pick

up something like this, when it was none of his business.

Impulsively, making a joke of it, Johnny said, "You can just take the two minutes out of my pay."

Bo Streeter's face didn't change, but his grey eyes grew smaller. "That might be a good idea," he said evenly. "Carson left for Baltimore yesterday. I'm the new division chief pilot. This check ride's with me." He smiled without humor. "Or didn't you know?"

Consternation struck Johnny Vare in a wave. For a moment he stood there, frozen, silently cursing himself as a fool. Ever since he could remember he had talked too much; he had always made wise-cracks that got him in trouble.

"You?" he heard his voice say in a tone.

"That's right," Bo Streeter said, and smiled in a bland, impersonal way.

His voice grew crusty. "And now, if you'll close that big mouth and pull your eyes back into your face you might check the gas and figure your c.g. and go on taking care of your job—as long as you've got one."

"Yes, sir," Johnny Vare said, and swallowed, and then moved in a daze out to his ship at its float, where he climbed up on the wing and began to measure the gas in the tanks.

Biscayne Bay was a wind-whipped sheet of lead when, at exactly 7.30, with fourteen passengers aboard and the engines idling as Captain Streeter sat impatiently in the cockpit, Johnny thrust his head up through the open bow hatch and waited for the blast of the beaching-crew chief's whistle. On the float, two members of the crew dragged back the gangplank, the steward closed the cabin hatch, and the chief's whistle shrilled.

Please turn to page 36

## By LELAND JAMIESON

was about to go out on his run.

But he was excited this morning for another reason, too. This trip was his check ride with Capt. Sam Carson, whose recommendation would either carry him into a permanent job, and finally a captaincy, or toss him back into the limbo that swallowed so many pilots who never were lucky enough to get on with the air lines, or who, when they got out, weren't good enough to remain.

Johnny Vare was resolutely determined that he was going to be good enough.

But he wished, as he strode through the waiting-room, and down the long corridor to the flight-section office, that he could be like the other probationary first officers,



# "JOHN CURTIN was my boss for five years"...

## Secretary's story of kindly, able man who is now Prime Minister

By ADELE MILNER

Secretary for over five years to Mr. Curtin, now Prime Minister, in an exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

For five and a half years I had the pleasure and privilege of working with John Curtin, then Leader of the Opposition in the Commonwealth Parliament and now fourteenth Prime Minister of Australia.

To give you an idea of John Curtin the man and not the politician I will quote you some of the advice he offered me on the eve of my marriage three months ago. "Read what St. Paul said and translate it as you will," he said. "Wives owe duty as they acquire rights, and because you become a wife, honor your father and mother all the more, for the family is the very core of a true people."

"YOU are going to a new avocation, the greatest a woman attains," Mr. Curtin also said to me. "Our mothers had this work to do and we, their sons and daughters, have the road mapped out for us most illuminatingly."

"Fear no labor which love warrants."

His final words to me were that I was leaving a dictatorial, but he hoped respected, employer.

I couldn't agree with him about being dictatorial. No one could have had a kinder or more thoughtful "boss."

Looking back on those five years, I feel a huge pride as I realise that I am one of a few fortunate people who have had the rare privilege of working side by side with a future Prime Minister.

I was in the Prime Minister's Department in Canberra when Mr. Curtin sent for a typist, and I asked to be allowed the chance of working for him.

Though I had never seen him, as up to then I was quite uninterested in politics, I had heard about him and was anxious to work with him.

It's a long time to remember back to one's first impression, but I recall that as soon as I saw him he struck me as being a most fatherly sort of man, and his kind, gentle manner put me instantly at my ease.

He is a rapid dictator, and at first I was terribly nervous as he used such long and unfamiliar words.

It seems to me that few politicians have such a command of phraseology as he.

"EVERY time Mr. Curtin spoke in the House I made an effort to be present, as I was never sure what he was going to say unless he spoke on some matter relating to statistics when we had prepared the figures for him," said his former secretary, Mrs. Desmond Milner, of Glen Iris, Victoria.

"I never wrote a speech for him. He used to sit on his couch for a couple of hours and relax and think about his forthcoming speech, whatever it happened to be."

As a "boss" I found him very considerate to his staff, and frequently, when pressure of work necessitated our staying back at night, he would in his kind, gentle manner suggest that I had done more than enough for the day, and that it was quite time I went home.

Election times were always a great strain mentally and physically during which excitement, anxiety and hope all played their part.

Little more than three months after I became his secretary, we had an election in August, 1937.

Then there was the last election in 1940, and it was a great shock to learn of his anticipated defeat mainly on account of his duty as party leader in devoting his time and energy to conducting campaigns in every possible constituency other than his own.

All his friends felt thankful then, and even more so now, that the electors of Fremantle returned him to become our future Prime Minister.

Of all the election speeches I have heard him make, the one which I thought the most memorable was made at Hurstville in support of Dr. Evatt.

He was a great reader of all types of literature.

It often happened that books I had secured for myself would disappear temporarily as Mr. Curtin borrowed them for his own relaxation.

One of them I remember was Van Paassen's "Days of Our Years."

My work also had its lighter side, one of which was the incident of the braces.

On my shopping excursions I often bought some cough mixture or some other thing he might need and one day my purchase included a pair of braces.

After consultation with the shop assistant I returned fully confident that I had bought the best pair of braces in Canberra.

I put them on his desk, and



MR. CURTIN, now Prime Minister, in his office with Mrs. Desmond Milner, formerly Adele Middenhall, his secretary for five and a half years.

thought no more about the matter till he rang for me.

I found a harassed employer struggling with a pair of braces which simply refused to become adjusted.

In spite of our combined efforts and my protest that they were the best I could buy for him, and were made in France, the result was that I was sent back to the shop to tell the salesman that only to a woman would anyone have sold such a ridiculous pair of braces!

We also had an amusing time posing for Victor Jurgen and the "March of Time" representatives when they took many "shots."

We decided that a film star's lot is an unenviable one.

It was frequently said in Canberra that John Curtin was too much of a gentleman to be a politician, but I am sure that his marriage advice which I have quoted in his own words will show you what a fine and understanding man our fourteenth Prime Minister is.

### Seek his advice

To give you also an idea of his popularity members from all sides of the House seek his companionship in the lobbies.

He is always grateful for any services rendered to him, and last Christmas he made a special visit to the Canberra telephonist to thank her for the efforts she had made to get telephone calls put through quickly for him.

Mr. Curtin's speeches are not always serious.

He attended my wedding in Canberra and made a splendid speech in lighter vein.

My husband and I were delighted that he was able to attend, as he had not been well, and the doctor was unwilling for him to travel from Melbourne.

I have frequently met Mrs. Curtin and the Prime Minister's daughter Elsie, who is my own age, which is twenty-three.

Mrs. Curtin is a kind, homely woman who is not interested in public life, as she is devoted to her family and people.

Elsie is tall and fair and most charming. We often travelled together between Melbourne and Canberra.

Besides reading Mr. Curtin is very fond of a game of bowls, and he and Mr. Scullin used to play matches at Canberra together.

The Prime Minister also likes a mild game of billiards now and then.

I am sorry that I was not still

working with him to share the thrill of his becoming Prime Minister, as I feel it is only his just reward for his devotion to his job.

I am sure he will prove the same kindly, able "boss" to Australia as he was to me for five and a half of the happiest years of my life.



MRS. JOHN CURTIN, wife of the new Prime Minister, and their daughter, Elsie, informally snapped in the garden of their home in Cottesloe, W.A., soon after they received the big news. Jiffy, Mr. Curtin's favorite dog, wanted to be in the picture but got camera shy.

## A luxurious shampoo at low cost!



### A complete shampoo for every type of hair

Give your hair the luxury of a regular shampoo with Amami. Not only does Amami make the hair feel fresh, clean and silky, with a delicate fragrance... but it does this at the cost of only a few pence per week.

**AMAMI**  
LUXURY  
**SHAMPOO**

★ Give your hair a perfect setting with Amami Wave Set. 1/- per bottle.

The full range of Amami Products is now available.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.I.

**FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT**

For dark hair, Amami No. 1 with henna to bring out those warm reddish glints.  
For fair hair, Amami No. 5 to make hair gleam with gold.  
For very fair hair, use Amami No. 7 with Camomile Application.  
For bronze hair, use Special Henna.

**10p**

Complete with special rinse in each packet of Shampoo.





MARJORIE LAWRENCE, Australian opera star, and her husband, Dr. Thomas King, on their wedding day six months ago.

## Marjorie Lawrence's brave fight against illness



MAYOR La GUARDIA and Marjorie Lawrence at a New York party for "Bundles for Britain."

In the front row of the football crowd at Minneapolis yesterday I saw a beautiful girl in a wheel-chair.

She was Marjorie Lawrence, brilliant young Australian opera star, clapping and cheering with the best of them and apparently forgetting her paralysed limbs.

From wheel-chair she says: "of course I'll sing again"

Cabled from New York by JOHN B. DAVIES, our American correspondent

I KNEW this was a triumph of the spirit, a victory for grit in a courageous uphill battle against infantile paralysis which struck Marjorie down with tragic suddenness in June of this year, and so I

raced over to congratulate her on being able to get out again.

"Of course I'll sing again," said the brave Australian girl.

"Come and see me to-morrow and I'll tell you all about it," she called over the back of the wheel-chair, and so that morning I went to see her and her handsome young husband, Dr. Thomas King, at their apartment in Minneapolis.

There was no suggestion of the invalid about Marjorie. She was looking lovelier than ever in a vivid housecoat, lazily in a cane lounge placed in the sun on their balcony.

"It's almost like being born again," she informed me triumphantly. "I'm making slow but definite progress. The doctors told me my type of paralysis appears once in 100,000 cases."

Marjorie moved to this apartment a month ago because she had "had enough of hospitals" and wanted to be in the same building as Sister Elizabeth Kenny, to whom she gives a large part of the credit of her almost miraculous recovery.

Sister Kenny is, of course, the Australian nurse who is noted for her revolutionary method of treating paralysis cases and who is continuing her work here.

Australia's opera star looks so amazingly well that Sister Kenny has fresh reason to be proud of her work.

### Strengthened voice

"THIS is the first rest I've had in five years," Marjorie said. "The enforced idleness has strengthened my voice."

"I practise daily at the piano, but don't follow any strict routine. I just sing when I feel like it."

"It's two years since I was in Australia," she said, "and I'm anxious to go there again. I miss Australia and have been awfully homesick for it, particularly during my illness."

"I want to thank everyone in Australia for hundreds of letters of encouragement I've received during the last few months. They've helped tremendously, keeping me cheerful."

"You know I'm practically surrounded by Australians—Sister Kenny and her three assistants come from there—and I sincerely feel the Australian influence is helping me to get well."

"I've cancelled all my public appearances for October and November, of course, but I hope to return to the Metropolitan by the New Year for the second half of the season."

Dr. King was hovering in the background, not giving Marjorie a chance to tell me what I had already heard—that his devotion and constant attention had helped her tremendously. They were married only six months ago.

He told me that Marjorie and he are collaborating on writing a book during her recuperation.

"It will describe Marjorie's experiences and struggles in her rise in the operatic world," he said. "The book is shaping splendidly and it's helping Marjorie tremendously."

Marjorie's day is interrupted by four series of treatments. Some are given by Sister Kenny, others by her husband and some she gives herself.

She was stricken by partial paralysis of the legs in Mexico City a fortnight after being vaccinated in New York against smallpox, which was necessary to obtain a visa for her Mexican trip.

She was flown to a sanitarium at Hot Springs in Arkansas, but when she failed to respond to treatment she came to Minneapolis in August for Sister Kenny's treatment.

Now she's optimistic of an early resumption of her brilliant operatic career.



WELCOME HOME for Marjorie Lawrence at her home town, Winchelsea, Vic., on her visit to Australia in 1939.



## When Ladies Meet

THE CONVERSATION, like as not, will turn to personal things—Mary's engagement, Joan's new dress, Susan's exquisite complexion. "How do you manage to get that lily-petal look?" Joan asks. "Is it love, or is it Three Flowers Face Powder?" queries Mary. Susan (laughing): "Love may have put the sparkle in my eye, but you should know, Mary, that only Three Flowers Face Powder can do things for the complexion! You're the one who told me about it—and I've certainly been blessing you ever since! I've so many dates now!"

Like Susan, thousands of smart women the world over owe their look of exquisite loveliness to the flattery of Three Flowers Face Powder. Yourself, try this famous Hudnut preparation today! There are six enchanting skin-tones to choose from, to suit your individuality.

Remember THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER

Spreads smoothly, evenly.

Adheres perfectly for hours.

Gives a natural-looking loveliness.



three flowers  
FACE POWDER

To enhance your loveliness



LONDON • RICHARD HUDNUT • NEW YORK



# 'I was made up by Hollywood's ace cosmetician'

## Brief glamor interlude in "Bundles for Britain" trip

Airmailed from Hollywood by MAISIE McMAHON, Assistant to Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has gone to London to supervise distribution of Bundles for Britain.

Such a thrilling experience has been mine—I have been made-up by Jack Dawn, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's ace cosmetician, who is responsible for the make-up of such famous film folk as Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, and Myrna Loy.

After visiting the Hollywood Bundles for Britain headquarters, I went out to the make-up department of the huge MGM establishment at Culver City, California, and eventually arrived at Mr. Dawn's studio.

HERE I was enthralled by the decorations on one wall of the outer office—plaster masks Mr. Dawn has made of famous people, some of them film players, others great people of history whose faces Mr. Dawn has studied so that he could faithfully re-create a likeness when making-up stars impersonating them.

I was most impressed by the mask of Thomas Edison, and this I found is one of Mr. Dawn's most cherished possessions. It is a duplicate of the original death mask of Edison.

I was eventually whisked inside to a very hygienic and businesslike room which provided the maximum light and contained the minimum furnishing.

Here a comfortable swivel chair faces a large mirror at the foot of which are brushes of every possible size and thickness, the use of which I was shortly to learn. The roof itself is a series of complicated tubes to ensure correct lighting.

It had been previously decided I was to be made-up for photographic purposes.

Mr. Dawn's very efficient assistant proceeded to tie up my hair, removed existing make-up thoroughly, produced a small celluloid palette on which the various creams are squeezed.

Mr. Dawn studied my face, at the same time calling out a series of numbers which proved to be tubes of foundation cream.

For my skin a fairly dark cream was first thickly and smoothly applied by hand. On top of this was placed a lighter cream, not all over as in the first instance, but merely on the cheekbones, along the line of the jaw and on the forehead.

This Mr. Dawn proceeded to blend in with a brush, smoothly and evenly.

Next a grey-blue eye-shadow rather heavily on the eyelids, eyebrow pencil very cunningly applied to the inner and outer edges, followed by a thick coating of tinted powder all over the face.

When the texture was to his entire satisfaction, lip rouge was applied with another brush, and finally the insignia of Hollywood—false eyelashes.

There is a secret in the appli-



MAKE-UP MAN Jack Dawn welcomes Maisie McMahon.



COLD CREAM removes day's make-up. Room is lighted from series of tubes let into ceiling.



BASIC foundation of new make-up applied by Mr. Dawn.



GREASEPAINT is used to accent highlights and shadows.



FINE BRUSH is used to blend base and highlights evenly.



EYE-SHADOW, lipstick, rouge, powder complete subtle job.

cation of these lashes. The strip should first be thinned out and shaped with scissors to fit the eye. Next a thin line of special gum is placed along the edge, the strip is placed carefully above the natural lashes, again clipped to a tidy line,

and mascara applied underneath to give that uptilted outer edge.

My face was ready. All that remained was a hair-do.

My hair was combed this way and that, in an endeavor to find just the right style, and a simple one was evolved.

As a matter of fact, Hollywood appears to favor simple, personal hair-do's, the preference being for longish bobs and soft waves.

At last I was ready for the camera, so over we went to Mr. Clarence Sinclair Bull's studio.

The cameras were set, the lights arranged, and numerous photographs taken smoothly and quickly in an atmosphere of friendly informality which completely banished that well known feeling of unnatural stiffness which usually tenses one at such times.

Clarence Bull is as famous in his own field as Jack Dawn in his. The lovely portraits one sees of Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, and Hedy Lamarr are his work.

The exclusive Greta Garbo has never been photographed by anybody but Clarence Bull.

I believe this to be the first occasion upon which the make-up and camera men of MGM have so honored any visiting Australian.

"Like being a guinea-pig?" said Mr. Dawn when he had finished his part, and handed me over to Mr. Bull.

Frankly I did.



CLARENCE BULL, famous Hollywood photographer of celebrities, pictures Maisie McMahon. Result is at top right.



MRS. ALICE JACKSON (right), Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and Mr. Dawn admire finished make-up.



## Cotton-wool and Cutlets

Continued from page 5

**B**RAGG had noticed a bucket of refuse in a corner, and this he now carefully emptied on to a newspaper spread on the floor.

Its contents were mainly food—scraps of bread, vegetables, tea-leaves, orange-peel, three eggshells—that presumably represented the same allotment as the cutlet bones, two for Bransome and one for his wife.

Returning all these to the bucket, the detective looked about him. The general impression of untidiness remained, but it was difficult to see that anything here had any bearing on the case.

Then his eyes caught the small furnace in the corner—evidently used for domestic hot-water supply. Opening the door, he looked inside.

Under a banking of dust and ashes, the fire was just alive. No doubt it would have been "the girls' job to wake it up when she arrived at seven if this tragedy had not intervened. A faintly unpleasant smell caught Bragg's attention. He put his head closer, and sniffed again—it was a singeing smell, like that of some burnt material.

Flashing his torch inside, the detective saw and presently raked out a scrap of what appeared to be calico with some cotton-wool adhering to it—no doubt something to do with Mrs. Bransome's sewing.

He was about to put it back when he changed his mind, and, taking an envelope from his pocket, stowed the scrap inside that.

While his subordinate was keeping himself amused in the back room, Inspector Hurst was interviewing Mrs. Bransome in the parlor. She was a rather disarmingly pretty woman, surprisingly young-looking for her years, and her face showed signs of recent tears. Hurst did not think she was an hysterical type—her mouth was too firm for that. She answered his questions quietly and clearly.

"My husband is—was forty-seven," she said. "I am thirty-six. He was a draper, I expect you know, and business has not been very good lately. He didn't tell me much about it, but I thought he might be in difficulties—he was getting so depressed.

"I took him to the pictures yesterday to try to cheer him up. We went straight to the 6.30 house after his shop closed and then came back to some supper at nine. He did not like being up late, and the last house doesn't generally come out till eleven."

"What sort of spirits was he in then?" asked Hurst.

"Not very good, I'm afraid. The pictures didn't seem to have cheered him up much. I was tired myself, and I went straight to bed after we had listened to the nine o'clock news. I left supper for the girl to clear when she came."

Hurst guessed the girl was accustomed to do a good deal of "clearing" in this house.

"Weren't you surprised when your husband didn't come to bed?" he asked. "You say he didn't like staying up late."

"Oh, he generally sat up till about half-past ten, and I must have dropped off to sleep directly my head touched the pillow."

"He didn't generally wake you when he came up?"

"No . . . I . . . you see, we don't share the same room now. We haven't for the last year or so."

"I see. Any trouble in that direction, Mrs. Bransome?" asked Hurst quietly. "I'm sorry to ask you such a personal question, but we have to look for reasons when a thing like this happens."

Mrs. Bransome looked uncomfortable, but she did not, as Hurst rather expected, blush.

"Ralph hasn't been behaving properly . . . in that way . . . for some time," she said in a low voice. "I think that was why he was in money trouble—he was spending a lot on some woman."

Ah, that would be worth looking into! For the moment, Hurst thought, he would not press the point.

There came a ring at the front door and he heard Bragg's footsteps, then his voice. Hurst waited, in case there was going to be an interruption. It came—a knock at the door and the appearance of his subordinate.

"There's a gentleman here, sir—a Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bransome's brother, I understand."

Mrs. Bransome rose to her feet, but Hurst signed to her to sit down. "Just one minute, madam. Take Mr. Yates into the other room, Bragg."

He knew that it was not necessary to warn a trained detective not to leave a visitor alone in such circumstances.

"I must just ask you one more question, madam," he said, "and then I shall not trouble you any more for the present. I must ask you to tell me frankly whether you had any reason to suspect that your husband might take his life."

Mrs. Bransome sat up abruptly. "Oh, no! He was worried, of course, and . . . not happy . . . but I never for a moment . . . oh, never for a moment—I!"

Though not a well-constructed sentence, it conveyed a meaning clearly enough and Hurst left it at that.

"Thank you, madam. I will send your brother along to you when I have had just one word with him."

Inspector Hurst thought that the case was developing normally, but it would be necessary to do a good deal more questioning before it could be accepted as suicide. Mrs. Bransome's brother ought to be a help.

He found a small, rather seedy-looking man, with none of his sister's good looks. Mr. Yates answered the formal questions with commendable lack of beating about the bush.

"George Yates, forty-two, address 28 Lavender Grove, Battersea, clerk to Winsome and May, stockbrokers, of 27 Monk Street, E.C.4. Someone telephoned me, Inspector, so I came straight along. This is a shocking business. I never should have thought it."

"Do you mean that literally, Mr. Yates—or—?"

"Well—" George Yates hesitated. "He's been in the dumps, of course. He was a fool about money and wouldn't take advice. But I wouldn't have expected him to do this—it's wicked."

"You think he did it? Committed suicide?"

George Yates stared. "What else? Good lord, you don't mean . . . ? You don't think someone else can have done it—chewed a great strong fellow like that into the gas-oven?"

Inspector Hurst's eyebrows rose. He did not look directly at Bragg, but he was aware that his subordinate had given a slight shake of the head.

"When did you last see your brother-in-law?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know. Week ago perhaps."

"You didn't see him yesterday at any time?"

"No, not for a week or so, as I told you."

**H**URST thought for a moment. "Can you tell me anything about his money affairs? Had he much invested capital, for instance?" he asked at length.

"He had some, but he's been selling it, the silly fool. I know, because my firm are his brokers. I put him on to them, as a matter of fact. That's what made me realise he was getting into trouble."

"Any other reason, besides money, that might account for this?"

"Such as?"

"Well, sometimes there's a woman in the case. Was there here?"

"Have you asked my sister that?"

"I have."

"What did she say?"

"I'm asking you."

For a moment Yates hesitated, then gave a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, well, if you're asking that you'll find out, whatever Winnie told you. Ralph's been running after a young girl that used to be in his shop. He's—well, he's been spending a lot of money on her or I'm a Dutchman. And that's why he's in Queer Street."

"There's more in that than in the money part of it, if you ask me. She's been playing about with him and . . . well, you know what some of these girls are—nasty little teasers. I think she got him thoroughly miserable."

Having learnt that the young Delilah's name was Lucy Petworth, Hurst sent Mr. George Yates along to console his sister. When the door had closed after him the Inspector turned to his subordinate.

"He didn't see into the kitchen, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, well, I suppose Mrs. Bransome told her neighbors what she'd seen and the one who telephoned told him."

He opened the kitchen door and looked at the still prostrate body of Ralph Bransome. He was a man of more than medium size, heavily built, and, so far as it was possible to judge by the congested face, healthy.

"Not possible for anyone to shove that fellow in there without bashing him on the head first. Unless he was drugged, of course. Dr. Bellerby'll tell us that, but we'll

## WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1.—How does your memory stand up to the rapid passage of events these days? For instance, do you remember straight off that Britain's invasion of Syria was launched last April — May — June — July — August.

2.—Fashion note! A raglan coat has  
No sleeves — a tight body and flared skirt — a high collar and tight-fitting sleeves — no shoulder seams.

3.—It certainly goes a long way, our River Murray. In fact, its total length is  
2240 miles — 985 — 1250 — 1170 — 1360.

4.—Congratulations to Sir Thomas Blamey, recently appointed a full General. Previously, his rank was  
Brigadier-General — Major-General — Lieutenant-General.

5.—If you're architecturally inclined, you'll know that a Gothic arch is  
Round — pointed — square — oval.

6.—Maybe you haven't realised it, but Tuesday this week, October 14, is the anniversary of a most important event in our history. No less than the Battle of  
Hastings — Trafalgar — Crecy — Waterloo — Blenheim.

7.—Where does janeline come from?  
Sap of a Malayan tree — coal tar — fat in sheep's wool — petroleum extract.

8.—A clever composer, Harry Warren, seeing that he composed  
"Wings Over the Navy" — "The A.I.F. is Marching" — "There'll Always Be an England" — "Swinging Along the Road to Victory."

9.—Your auricles are part of your  
Ear — brain — heart — lungs — forearm.

10.—Lucky last! When Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, cried "England hath need of thee," he was talking about  
Nelson — Queen Victoria — William Pitt — Milton — Sir William Harvey.

Answers on page 12.

have this beer and stuff tested. Anything you noticed, Bragg?"

"Nothing that seems to signify, sir. There was something like calico and cotton-wool burnt in the furnace last night. I haven't seen any of it among Mrs. Bransome's sewing, but I don't suppose there's any importance in it."

"No," Inspector Hurst's thoughts were wandering elsewhere. "Wonder if there was anyone after her—the wife," he muttered. "She's not bad-looking—we must get a look at the will."

That was more easily done than is usually the case. Mr. Witely, Bransome's solicitor, deeply shocked at his client's death, saw no reason to withhold information from the police. He did not show the will, but he told Hurst that Mrs. Bransome was the sole beneficiary.

He did not know the amount of the invested capital. It should have been substantial, but he had heard disquieting rumors. Possibly there would not prove a great deal to pass.

Bransome's bank manager was much less accommodating than his solicitor. His client's affairs were confidential, and he was not prepared to disclose them without an order of the Court. Hurst had had this trouble with bank managers before, so he was not surprised—but the legitimate discretion did not help him much in his investigation.

He had discovered among the untidy contents of Bransome's desk a cheque-book with a number of counterfoils not filled in. He wondered whether these represented payments to Miss Lucy Petworth—or possibly large cheques drawn to "self." Bransome might have wished to avoid the risk of his wife seeing these.

The other counterfoils apparently represented payments to shops and so on.

A day's hard work by himself and Bragg filled in a good deal of the canvas, and it became pretty clear that the dead man had been seriously entangled with his charmer. No entanglement on the other side was known. Mrs. Bransome was believed to have no gentleman friend of particular note.

Another brother had turned up—a strapping young fellow of thirty-two. Fred Yates, from all accounts, was something of a rolling-stone, if not actually a ne'er-do-well.

He had been a soldier, but three years in the Guards had been enough for him. He had been a cinema commissionaire, but had not proved reliable. He had been several things for short periods and was at present "resting."

Though his army record was only fair, he had been of value there for his athletic prowess. He was—or had been—a good boxer. Since leaving the army he had also turned his hand to wrestling, but the hard training required to make money at that sport had not appealed to him.

So much for the Yates family.

Bransome had been an only child. By the end of the day Hurst thought that when he got the medical report he would probably be able to wind up his investigation. He had seen the coroner and arranged, in conjunction with the superintendent of the division, for the inquest.

Dr. Bellerby's report arrived soon after the two detectives had had a well-earned supper. Hurst read it and then handed it to his subordinate.

"Straightforward enough," he said. "No sign of drug or poison in the stomach. No marks of violence on the body. Clear enough case of suicide."

But Bragg was thinking. "There's one thing rather odd about it, sir," he said.

"What's that?"

"It says that the stomach was practically empty. What about his supper sir?"

Inspector Hurst frowned. "Never thought of that," he said.

Please turn to page 12

## SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG



MOTHS DO NOT EAT CLOTHES—THE MOTHS' LARVAE DO THIS.

FACE LIFTING IS NOT NEW—IT WAS ALL THE RAGE IN EGYPTIAN BEAUTY PARLOURS 4000 YEARS AGO.



TRUE: THIS ACID FORMS—NO MATTER HOW QUICKLY OR SLOWLY YOU EAT.

You must neutralise the excess acid. Bisurated Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant, lasting relief. Sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard.

**RALLY TO THE COLOURS**

Brighten the home with

**QUICK ENAMEL**

Join the "Gay Quickies" and paint all your furniture and woodwork in thrilling up-to-the-minute tones. It brushes easily, is glossy and washable—dries in 4 hours.



# Quins lavish affection on pets and flowers



**GETTING ACQUAINTED** with a new pet. The Quins have no summer vacations to farm or beach, but they make up for it by having picnics in the nursery grounds, wading and splashing in their own pool, and lavishing affection on many pets. L. to r.: Emille, Marie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne, crowd round kitten.



**ANNETTE** brings her geranium plant food to offset poor soil. Nursery grounds are to be enlarged to give more scope for Quins' gardening enthusiasm.



**YVONNE**, picture of happiness with a yellow chick, one of a dozen given to the Quins to raise. They have also pet rabbits and Tony, their Great Dane.



HE reached out for the telephone and put a call through to the police-surgeon.

"Dr. Bellerby? Inspector Hurst here, sir. About your P.M. report. It says the stomach was practically empty. What about his supper? Would he have digested that?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Not unless it was a very light one—he didn't die till about midnight," said the voice at the other end. "What did he have?"

Hurst looked inquiringly at Bragg. "Any idea what he had for supper, Bragg?"

"Yes, sir. He had two cutlets, some stewed pears and a bottle of beer. At least one of them had two cutlets and the other had one."

Hurst repeated this to the doctor.

"There was definitely no sign of meat in the stomach," said the voice. "You can take it he ate no meat."

"And that," said Inspector Hurst, leaning back in his chair, "seems to imply that someone else ate the supper. It implies a good many other things, too—eh, Bragg?"

"Yes, sir; murder."

Hurst nodded. "That's taking a short cut, but I think we can leave the correct road for a time while we do a little guessing. How could a big chap like that be gassed without being knocked out by a blow or a drug?"

"Might have been pinioned in some way, sir, and gagged—if there were enough of them."

"That sounds a risky business—a lot of people in a murder. And what's the motive?"

Bragg thought there was a fairly obvious one, but he did not like to shove in his ear too much. Inspector Hurst had asked the question of himself as much as of his subordinate.

There was a long silence, each man following up his own ideas. At last the inspector broke it.

"The three of them—Mrs. Bransome and her brothers—might have been in it together. If Bransome was squandering his money on that girl they may have wanted to stop him before the will became worthless—and there was always the risk of his altering it. I still don't see how even three people could do that job without marking him, but I'll have another little talk with Master



**Cream**  
**ODO-RO-NO**  
**Stops**  
**PERSPIRATION**

- Will not irritate the skin
- Will not stain clothes
- Will not harm fabrics
- Non-gritty, non-greasy
- QUICK TO USE



1/1 and 2/1

## Cotton-wool and Cutlets

Continued from page 10

George Yates—and with his brother, too.

"Meanwhile, Bragg, go back to the house and give it a proper hunt over. I'd like to see Bransome's pass-book if he's got one. It's just possible that an untidy devil like that might have left it lying about, or put it in some odd place."

Bragg found that a good deal of tidying-up had been done in the Bransome house since the previous day. He found that he was not a welcome guest, but his polite request to be allowed to look around "as a matter of form in case the coroner wants to know anything" was not refused.

His search was thorough and lasted two hours, at the end of which time he was rewarded by finding in the hip pocket of an old pair of flannel trousers—of all unlikely places—a folded bundle of used cheques.

Each was drawn by Bransome to "self," the amounts ranging from £5 to £40 and the total—fifteen cheques over a period of three months—reaching £315.

Here was something that would please his chief. He returned at once to headquarters, but, finding that Hurst was out, wrote a short report and left it with the cheques.

An idea had struck him during the previous evening's cogitation, but it was still so vague that he had not mentioned it, hoping to give it some substance before doing so.

Now he visited a number of drapers and chemists in the neighborhood of the Bransomes' house, and when he came back to luncheon some of the substance he had hoped for was in his hands.

Hurst, too, had had a satisfactory morning.

"Just seen both the Yates brothers. The younger one, Fred, is a rather hefty-looking blighter, but weak morally, I should say. They've both got a story about where they were the night before last, but there's nothing to support it—not from 8 p.m. onwards. If this is murder and they are in it, I fancy they may have got into the house by a back window, or Mrs. Bransome may have given them a key, while the Bransomes were out. They could hide in her bedroom, as Bransome probably never went into it."

"That's as far as I've got, but these cheques of yours are the goods, Bragg. I'm going to have a talk with Miss Petworth this afternoon."

Miss Lucy Petworth, however, flatly denied that Ralph Bransome had spent anything like £315 on her during the last three months.

At first she denied that he had spent anything, but when Hurst persisted she grew frightened and told what was probably the truth. At the outside £200 had been spent in presents, dinners and hotel bills, probably £175 was nearer the figure. What, wondered Hurst, happened to the rest?

It was possible, of course, that Bransome normally paid some of his bills in cash, but this seemed a large amount. It might be possible, now that murder was in the air, to bring pressure on the bank.

But another idea had struck Hurst, and he went along to Scotland Yard to have it tested by an expert. The idea proved to be a good one. Four of the cheques in the bundle were forgeries—cleverly enough done to elude a bank official but not clever enough for a handwriting expert. The total of these forged cheques was £95.

"There's another motive, Bragg, and a stronger one. Probably this is George Yates' work. He's a clerk. He knew about Bransome selling his capital. He knew how careless Bransome was. He started to forge cheques—and Bransome spotted him—threatened him with exposure. The fact that the cheques were in Bransome's pocket suggests that I expect they looked for them after he was dead but didn't find them."

"If only we could get round the difficulty of there being no sign of violence, I think we're well on our way to a charge."

"Well, sir," said Bragg, "I think I've got an idea about that. Mrs. Bransome has bought four pounds of fine cotton-wool during the last fortnight, and she has bought it in pound packets at four different shops. I think she may have been buying calico, too, but I haven't been able to trace that so far. There's no sign of any cotton-wool in the house now, except one partly used package in a medicine cupboard. You remember that scrap

of calico I found in the furnace, sir?"

Inspector Hurst nodded. He was listening with interest now.

"That may have been used for making bonds that wouldn't mark the flesh—calico stuffed with fine cotton-wool."

Hurst whistled.

"I believe you've hit it," he said. "Lucky you spotted that scrap in the furnace." "Lucky" was hardly fair, but Bragg realised that he had very nearly thrown the scrap back again.

"How's this for a reconstruction, Bragg?" asked the inspector. "The brothers get into the house as I suggested, hide in the wife's bedroom till the Bransomes return. Then, when Bransome is settled down in his chair ready to start supper . . . which way was he sitting?"

"Back to the door, sir. At least the place with the beer beside it was like that."

"Good. The alster must have given a signal, but even so I wonder he didn't hear them."

A thought flashed into Bragg's mind.

"The wireless, sir. It's a powerful set . . . and that would act as a signal, too."

"Good idea. They creep in, one of them claps a cushion over Bransome's face, one—Fred, the wrestler, no doubt—seizes his arms, the third one ties them behind his back. Then his legs, then a proper gag in or over his mouth. Probably blindfold him, too. Then . . . what?"

"Eat the supper, sir. That's got to be eaten if Mrs. Bransome's story is to stand muster."

"Goah, the cold-blooded devil! But you're right. Then carry him

### The answer is—

- 1—June.
- 2—No shoulder seams.
- 3—1250 miles.
- 4—Lieutenant-General.
- 5—Pointed.
- 6—Hastings.
- 7—Fat in sheep's wool.
- 8—"Wings Over the Navy."
- 9—Heart.
- 10—Milton.

Questions on page 10.

into the kitchen and shove his head into the oven.

"But—what about the bonds? . . . ah, I see; they gave him enough gas to make him unconscious—probably stuffed cushions round the opening to prevent it coming into the room, and kept the window open for their own sakes. Then when he was unconscious they could undo the bonds and the gag—no doubt they untied the feet and legs first, to see if there was any kick in him—then shut the window and leave him to it."

"Mrs. Bransome keeps the wireless on for a bit, then turns out the light and goes to bed, leaving the brothers . . . no, they must have gone out by the living-room window—it opens on to that narrow passage through to the back garden—and shut it after them."

"But it wasn't latched, sir."

"Oh, well, perhaps she went to bed first and they shut it from the outside. Or she may have left it unlatched on purpose, because if murder was suspected and the whole house was found closed, then the murderer must be inside. Perhaps it was left as a loophole for the suggestion of an outside murder, if the worst came to the worst. Does that cover it, Bragg?"

"That's probably the story, sir, but they've covered it cleverly. The fingerprints, for instance."

"Ah, yes, Bransome's prints on the tap, the oven door handle, the glass of beer, the fork—all correct way up, too. That's the worst of these detective stories. Every criminal knows that trick. They must have wiped their own off and then put his on after he was unconscious—the cold-blooded devil! I want to see them swing, Bragg. We know what they did, but can we prove it?"

"I think that empty stomach will prove it, sir. Mrs. Bransome lied about his having supper. How can she get away from that?"

"She may say she ate the cutlets herself—Bransome off his feed and she hungry."

"Two on one plate and one on the other, sir? If she'd cleared

supper properly she might have got away with it."

"Yes, you wouldn't have noticed the cutlet bones. Come on; we'll go and ask her a question or two . . ."

Mrs. Bransome was at home and with her was her brother Fred. Hurst was rather glad to see him. Confederates were inclined to give themselves away by trying to warn each other. Bragg would know enough to watch Fred.

"I've just come round to clear up one or two points before to-morrow's inquest, madam," said the inspector. "Your husband's health. How had that been lately?"

"Oh, his health was all right," said Mrs. Bransome, who seemed quite at her ease now.

"Appetite good?"

"Oh, fairly. Of course, being depressed didn't help that much."

"No, I suppose not. Now, the night this happened; what would he have had for supper?"

The faintest flicker of disquiet showed in Mrs. Bransome's blue eyes, but her hesitation was only momentary. No doubt she felt that truth was the best policy—where truth could be conveniently told.

HE had a cutlet, if I remember rightly. Yes, I remember, because I had to cook them."

"One cutlet?"

"No, two. I had one."

Bragg, watching brother Fred, saw his eyes shift quickly from one to the other of the speakers. He was clearly nervous—and no wonder.

"Anything else?"

"Some stewed pears—and a bottle of beer. But what can all this matter?"

Inspector Hurst looked steadily at the woman before answering.

"It matters, Mrs. Bransome, because the medical report tells us that your husband's stomach was empty when he died. He ate no cutlets that night."

Mrs. Bransome's face slowly froze into a stare of horrified consternation. Her slower-witted brother had hardly grasped the point when Hurst turned on him and asked sharply: "Was it you who ate those cutlets, Yates—or your brother George?"

"I—I—" Fred Yates saw the point now. His face was red and his great hands opened and shut convulsively.

"What d'you mean? I wasn't here—I—"

"Then who held Bransome while he was tied up with those padded bonds?"

In a flash the inspector turned to Mrs. Bransome again.

"And where is all that cotton-wool you've been buying, madam?"

"There was a crash as Fred Yates' chair fell over. He started making for the door, but Bragg sprang swiftly after him. Hurst darted to the window and, throwing it up, blew short blasts on his whistle. Within thirty seconds Fred Yates was handcuffed."

Mrs. Bransome had fainted.

It was Fred Yates who lost his nerve and confessed.

The reconstruction which Hurst and Bragg had worked out between them proved to be substantially correct. The Yates'—sister and brothers—had seen their fortune, as it appeared to them, slipping away as Bransome squandered it on Lucy Petworth.

George had had the idea of taking advantage of Bransome's carelessness to forge his cheques, hoping thereby to save something from the wreck, but Bransome, careless as he was, had realised that his money was going too quickly and had begun to question George—though he had not got as far as taking the matter up with his bank.

Mrs. Bransome and her brothers felt that the only thing to do was to put him out of the way. Then the money would come to "Winnie."

It was she who had planned the "suicide," made the padded strips of linen, and rehearsed her brothers in their parts. Whenever they got the chance to be alone in the house together—as they did when Ralph Bransome was taking Lucy out—Winnie would sit in her husband's place at the supper table and the two others would come creeping in behind her.

Finding that she could hear them every time, she thought of the wireless, and that was the finishing touch. The actual date and time

## Animal Antics



"Will you still love me when I'm old and have grey stripes?"

of the murder were fixed by reference to the "Radio Times." A military band, which Ralph liked to hear at full blast, was exactly what was wanted for the job.

George carried a cushion and crammed it over Winnie's face until he had become sufficiently adept to stop her making a sound. A moment later Fred would pinion her arms, and hook one of his legs over hers to stop her kicking the table over.

On the actual night, with Ralph in the allotted place as victim, his wife had whisked out of their hiding place the ropes of calico padded with fine cotton-wool, and within a minute Ralph Bransome had been bound and helpless.

The rest had followed exactly as the two detectives had imagined, the brothers watching their opportunity to slip out the gate at the bottom of the garden into the quiet lane which led on to Blackheath.

When all three had been charged and were awaiting trial, Inspector Hurst said to Bragg: "That'll do for a start, my lad. I don't see why we shouldn't work well as a team. I may be no Sherlock Holmes, but you are certainly no dunder-headed Watson."

(Copyright)



Good shoes in  
Wartime  
by  
**Bedgood**

**YOUTHFULNESS  
REGAINED**

Do you feel you are growing old before your time? The symptoms are mental and physical fatigue, lack of "pep," an inclination to "let things slide." Then take WINCARNIS, the quick action tonic. Blended of choice wines containing nourishing extracts and essential vitamins, WINCARNIS benefits the brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its restorative qualities. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day from your chemist and start regaining your youthful vitality.



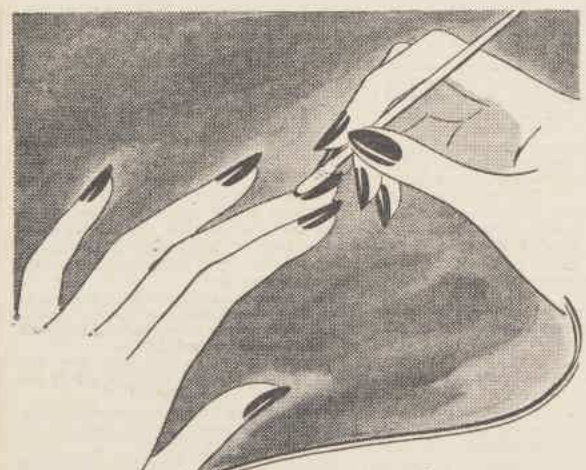


"Has your husband a den?"  
"No, he grows all over the house!"

**MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead**



"There's no doubt clothes make a man!"  
"Yes, and scarcity of them makes a woman."



### TREAT YOUR NAILS TO BEAUTY

The Cutex manicure treatment will simplify your beauty rites. There are only three simple steps for the quick manicure.

1. Use Cutex Oily Polish Remover to remove your old polish.
2. With Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, gently shape the oval around the nail and remove dead cuticle. Rinse fingers in clear water and dry thoroughly.
3. Apply Cutex Salon Polish in your favourite shade. The newest are Hijinks and Gadabout. When dry, apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil, and massage fingertips.

Do this at least once every week.

THE PERFECT MANICURE **CUTEX**

## A RATION OF FUN



"Now, sir, you can hear the watch ticking. Are you satisfied there's a watch in the handkerchief?"  
"More than satisfied. The watch I gave you hasn't gone for six months."

### BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**MRS. DOOLE:** Don't you dare have the impertinence to argue with me!

**MR. DOOLE:** But, my dear, I never opened my mouth.

**MRS. DOOLE:** No, but you were listening with a very nasty look on your face.

"WHAT should I take when I'm run down, doctor?" asked the sweet young thing.

"The number of the car, of course," replied the weary doctor.

"ARE you happy now you are in the army?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were you in civil life?"

"Happier still, sir."

**HUSBAND:** Is our household budget getting along all right?

**WIFE:** It balances all right if we do without something we need, so that we can buy something I want.

"THERE'S a man in the parlor wants to see you, sir."

"I'll be there in a minute. Ask him to take a chair."

"He's already taken one, sir. He's from the time-payment company."

"IS your wife artistic?"

"Artistic? Why, she doesn't care how the soup tastes as long as it is a pretty color."

**THE** regimental cook was fed up. Leaning against a post, he gazed around unhappily and said he wished he were dead.

His thin but energetic assistant looked disgustedly at him.

"That's about right, you lazy lump," he snorted. "It'd just suit you, to be lying down with nothing to do!"

**FIRST BOY:** It's six o'clock, let's go home.

**Second Ditto:** No, if we go home now we'll get licked for staying out so late. If we stay out till 8 o'clock we'll get hugged and kissed for not being drowned.

"UNCLE," said the little girl, "you're not married, are you?"

"No, dear."

"Then who tells you what you ought not to do?"



**RENT COLLECTOR:** The landlord's going to raise your rent.  
**TENANT:** That's good, because I can't.



"Yes, sir, my mother's at home."  
"But she doesn't answer the door."  
"No, but I don't live here."

### VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR BUSY DAYS



I NEVER MISS MY MORNING GLASS OF ENO!

In these strenuous times it is a first duty to keep really fit . . . to feel "glad to be alive" . . . to enjoy every ounce of the energy nature intended you to have. Follow the lead of countless happy and energetic people . . . take a sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning. Eno keeps your system free from poisons . . . gently and naturally. It contains no harsh purgative mineral salts . . . nothing to do the slightest harm.

2/4½ and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



# An Editorial

OCTOBER 18, 1941

## HOUSING THE PEOPLE



**DECISION** by the State Government to appoint a Housing Commission is welcome news. Provision of good housing is not one of those jobs that can be set aside until we have won the war.

*In its effects on the health and efficiency of workers, it touches our war effort. In its influence on the spirits and hopes of the people it touches the country's morale.*

A man who goes out to work after sleeping in a basement or cellar, who goes out wondering about that persistent cough of his child's is not going to do the sort of day's work we need if Hitler is to be beaten.

Families living in squalor, crowded in airless rooms, are apt to ask themselves whether this sort of life is worth fighting for.

Looking beyond the immediate results, bad housing is responsible for even greater evils.

A race of self-reliant, self-respecting Australians can't be raised in slums. Children need air and space, cleanliness and beauty to grow up into the best sort of citizens.

They cannot find these necessary conditions while the city of Sydney has an acknowledged shortage of 36,000 homes.

A vast plan of construction is needed and needed now if thousands of young Australians are not to lose their birthright of sunshine and cleanliness.

It is claimed by housing experts that certain types of homes can be built without interference with the war effort or the use of much skilled labor.

The sooner the better.

*All reports point to such a parlous condition of housing in this State that any delay is only prolonging a serious menace to the health and well-being of the community.*

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

**THOSE** little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Private Ron Testro, former journalist and first editor of the A.I.F. News in Palestine, who became a stretcher bearer in the Greece and Crete battles, to his mother, Mrs. R. Testro, 97 Gore St., Melbourne:

"WHEN the order came that the evacuation (of Crete) was to be on we were all told to make our way to a valley (it was about a mile long), in which there were plenty of trees, and were all to lie low.

"But there were thousands of men there, and the planes must have sighted us. All the afternoon they roared up and down the valley just skimming over the tops of the trees.

"The planes were so low and the noise they made so loud it seemed as if they were going to crash right on top of us.

"As soon as it was dusk, the men congregated in a village for the start of the tramp across the mountains to the other side of the island.

"It was a sight that I will never forget. The road was packed with these thousands of men, English, Australians, New Zealanders, Greeks, Jews, sailors from the ships that had been sunk in Suda Bay, and even women dressed in soldiers' clothes and tin hats.

"Everybody made their own way and pace, some walking fast, some just hobbling, but hardly anyone talking.

"You could just see all their dark figures passing.

"It was like a lot of souls marching into purgatory.

"As the night wore on the crowd began to get thinner, and the good walkers began to leave the slow ones behind.

"Just as dawn was breaking a staff car came along the road, an officer shouting: 'Get off the road! Get off the road! Get off the road!'

"Everybody got off the road, and then, as dawn broke, over came the planes again, pot-shooting at everything they could see. We hid under some trees on the slope of a hill, but as the planes passed low enough to be on the same level as us they sprayed the hill with machine-gun fire.

"The bullets were whistling just past us, and cracking on the rocks behind.

"They dropped several bombs around about there that day, and some on the nearby villages.

"It was two or three days later before we were eventually evacuated, and everyone was very weak by then.

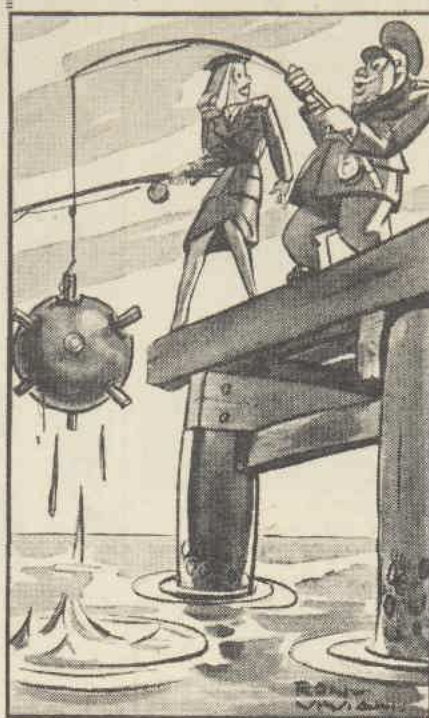
"One of the things that comes back to mind now was how the priest travelled with our unit.

"During the night marches we threw everything away, but there was the old priest (he was as skinny as a rake and looked as weak as a chicken) walking hour after hour with his chalices, altar stone, gospel book, and Mass vestments, all rolled up in a bundle on his back.

"All through Greece and Crete, he said Mass in all kinds of makeshift places, with Eddie Robinson acting as altar boy.

"I remember one Sunday in Crete he was saying Mass under a tree when the planes came over, and he had to lie down in front of his altar until the planes went. Then he got up and Mass went on as usual."

## Winnie the War Winner



"It's all right, Major. Hold on till I get a gun."

Sergeant Hartley, now with the R.A.A.F. in England, to his sister in Wilsonton, Qld.:

"WE were in Iceland for a few days and Alan Townsend and I went off for a hike.

"We came to a farm where an old chap was raking hay. By signs (he could not speak English) we asked if we could see his hot-house, containing rose plants and vegetables.

"He nodded his head and said 'Ya,' meaning yes. It was very interesting.

"It is always daylight in Iceland in the summer-time. The sun sets at 10.30 p.m. or so, but it never gets dark. You can read in a room at any hour through the night; but in winter it is always dark.

"On Monday morning Alan and I went for another walk. We turned down a side road and came upon some girls washing in a hot spring.

"Their house stood on a rise over the creek. We asked if they would sell us some eggs, which they did. I bought a dozen for 4/6.

"I went back to camp and sold the eggs for 6/-, making 1/6 profit. Back I went to the farm and bought another five dozen eggs, which I promptly sold. Fancy 6d. an egg.

"We had a good look at the capital, Reykjavik, which is not quite as big as Southampton.

"The women and men have blonde hair, nearly white. Their eyes are sky-blue.

"We went into a cafe, intending to buy coffee and sandwiches. When the girl came along I gave the order, but she could not understand what sandwiches were.

"After a good while she said 'Cakes.' Boy, was she exasperating!"

Pilot-Officer Charles Edmondson with the R.A.A.F. in Rhodesia to Mrs. W. Sebastian, Gordon St., Wodonga, Vic.:

"THE school I am at now is a very modern one. Conditions are extremely good.

"I am permitted a native batman who makes my bed, tidies my room, polishes my shoes, presses my uniforms, and attends to my laundry, darning, and mending.

"For these services I pay him the magnificent sum of three shillings per week. Each boy has two 'baases' so his total earnings amount to six shillings a week.

"Rhodesian people are extremely friendly and hospitable. They are also very wealthy. We cannot keep up invitations, but usually spend week-ends at some magnificent country mansion or town residence.

"Most places are equipped with tennis courts and swimming pools. Native servants glide about carrying trays of tea, cakes or drinks.

"One often feels more like a sultan on holiday than an airman training for war.

"However, that impression is entirely lost when back on the job. We've an awful lot of swot to do besides flying."

A sapper in Syria to his wife at Battery Point, Tas.:

"LAST night we went over to a camp where some Czechs were and had wild pig for tea.

"There are a good many of them about in the hills, but that was the first time I had ever tried eating it. It was also the first pork I have had since I left Australia.

"The Czechs are some of the finest chaps I have ever met, and they gave us a good time.

"They are a very musical crowd, and some are good singers. It is strange to hear songs of other countries, especially places that we don't know much about.

"Some of them have travelled a lot and can speak many languages, and it is interesting to listen to them. There were only a couple of them who could speak English, but we got on pretty well."

Pte. J. Hill in Libya to his brother, Mr. W. Hill, 9 Glebe Avenue, Goulburn, N.S.W.:

"I SUPPOSE you are well in the dancing season over there now.

"We have a new dance over here. It is called the 'Dive-Bomber Hop.' It is done to the tune of screaming dive-bombers, bursting anti-aircraft shells, bursting bombs, and small arms fire.

"The dance is announced with the words 'Here they come!' and your partner comes at you with terrific speed, hurling bouquets of one-thousand-pound bombs.

"Should one catch up with you the dance is finished. But it is our job to see they don't catch up with us.

"First the man ducks, grasps his tin hat, and gracefully moves to the nearest and largest hole in the ground.

"You have no idea how this dance will satisfy the most eager enthusiast.

"This is rather a warm country. At about eight o'clock in the morning it is 110 degrees in the shade, and after that it gets quite warm. One usually shields himself from the sun in his own shadow, and lights his cigarette (if any) on his tin hat."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





# My first week in England . . .

Britons live in the spirit of their finest hour

By ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is supervising the distribution of Australian Bundles for Britain in England.

Time dims many memories, but those of my first week in wartime England will always remain sharply etched on my mind.

IMMEMORIAL rural beauty was revealed as, from the western town where I got out of the plane, the train sped through the verdant Thames Valley to London on a golden St. Martin's summer afternoon. Lush pastures, fat cattle, noble trees, dreaming spires. The women and men in uniform, but surely not the country fighting for its existence, for my existence.

Paddington station in late twilight, silvery balloons of incredible airy grace floating in the still air. Then my overwhelmingly warm welcome. My hotel room was filled with flowers, there were letters and telegrams from women, the typical general theme being "Stimulatingly helpful to know Australian women are so interested that your paper has sent you to observe our work."

Four hours later came my first experience of blacked-out London. The drama of historic buildings silhouetted against the sky, stars over Piccadilly Circus. It was most restful after the unrelenting, noisy glare of Hollywood, New York and Lisbon.

I went to sleep and dreamed of a little Australian country town where I honeymooned in pre-neon times. After my next night's sleep all my sentimental illusions had been

utterly shattered. I knew England was indeed at war, that cabbages and cattle in rich pastures, crops being garnered from the prolific farmlands were helping to win the war as surely as the men and women in uniform.

Only briefly can I outline what I've done and seen in these days. The central point of my observations and experiences has been the work of the Women's Voluntary Services, of which the Dowager Marchioness of Reading is chairman. This organisation undertakes the distribution of American Bundles for Britain.

American Bundles has the most efficient headquarters staff here with Mrs. Edward Murrow as executive chairman and Lady Beatty as

HOME GUARDS exercise with grim realism in England's lovely villages.

I went to sleep on my second night in England knowing that here is a magnificent people—resolute, patient, cheerful, uncomplaining, unbeatable. Every passing day since then has strengthened this conviction.

deputy. Mrs. Murrow is returning to America for a few months.

Lady Beatty, in co-operation with Lady Reading, has spent most of the week showing me various aspects of the Bundles organisation and the Women's Voluntary Services work.

Several West-End London mansions,

formerly residences of famous English aristocrats, are now central receiving depots, controlled by W.V.S.

Here bundles are arriving in huge cases, are unpacked, and sorted. I've followed every step to numerous typical distribution centres in all parts of London, including the very poorest East End suburbs, and next week will see many provincial centres.

A happy interlude was my visit to the centre where children under five, whose mothers are remaining in London, are received, cared for and outfitted for several days before they are evacuated to the country.

I chatted with golden and snowy haired mites prettily dressed and playing in large nurseries that looked out on the spacious lawns and gardens of a former West End baronial mansion.

Less cheerful, but profoundly impressive, were my visits to the East End depots. Many had already received much-appreciated clothing from the Red Cross, Anzac Fellowship, and other Australian organisations.

For example, Camberwell has just opened a splendid lot from the Camberwell Country Women's Association. I went next to Peckham air-raid shelter, where several hundred shelter nightly. This beehive-like shelter has many compartments, all packed with tiers of bunks, and equipped with a canteen providing hot coffee and soup.

A piano and radio developed a cheerful community atmosphere. The shelter is kept very clean and is cleverly decorated for gala occasions, such as concerts and plays.

There are cheery mottoes on the walls, as, for example, "Go to bed hopeful, wake up thankful"; "If your knees knock kneel on them."

## Visit to Plymouth

I ENDED the week on a two-day visit to Plymouth as the guest of Lady Astor, who took me on a walking tour of the markets and open air stalls, where the town's bombed out small tradespeople have set up business.

Lady Astor is an amazing woman with endless energy. She worked ceaselessly through the town's worst trials and is much loved by the poor people.

That afternoon the Women's Voluntary Services held a packed meeting in a Plymouth hall. Lady Reading, who is an excellent speaker, sincere, earnest and convincing, asked women, the majority of whom were suddenly deprived of all their worldly goods, to join the W.V.S. and help others still less fortunate.



COVENTRY CATHEDRAL . . . ruins are an inspiration to the English.

The enthusiastic response left little doubt, and over 1000 women were recruited for the W.V.S.

The evening before I left, Lord Astor took me to a well-attended meeting to arrange for the replanning of Plymouth, held in a hall showing a fine photographic exhibition of planned and unplanned cities.

Every man and woman present had suffered from bomb damage. Most had lost their homes, but Borough Engineer Paton Watson

was vigorously applauded when he said, "We now have a glorious opportunity to rebuild Plymouth in a manner worthy of her great traditions and the magnificent natural beauty of her setting."

Well, what can Hitler do about such a people as these English? I am being continually and utterly astounded by their fortitude and courage.

Yet why should I be surprised? Hasn't England always been like this?

## The Greatest Saturday Night Entertainment on the Air!

### Mystery

7.15 BAFFLES

Starring Edwin Styles.

### Music

7.45 HIT TUNES OF THE HOUR

### With The Diggers

8.0 STAND EASY

### Thrills

8.30 THE WITCH'S TALE

### News

9.0 B.B.C. NEWS

### Dance Music

9.15 ROLL BACK THE CARPET

Compered by Robin Ordell.

### Romance Music

11.0 THE ROMANTIC HOUR

from

**2GB**  
—of course!



"TEACHER-BOYS ARE FIGHTING! COME AND STOP THEM QUICK!"



"ROLLING IN THE DIRT, TOO THEY'LL SOON TASTE MY STICK!"



"WHO HIT DARLING REGGIE? IF I CATCH THAT IMP..."



BUT A WASH WITH SOLVOL SAVED THE LITTLE SHRIMP!

SUCH A LICKING Solvol gives to stubborn, embedded grime! Down under finger nails . . . into creases and grubby skin pores, its rich lather penetrates and simply rolls out the dirt! And that's something ordinary soaps haven't a hope of doing! Yet Solvol is very, very gentle—so that even toddlers can use it with perfect safety.

Whenever you wash your hands — use **SOLVOL**



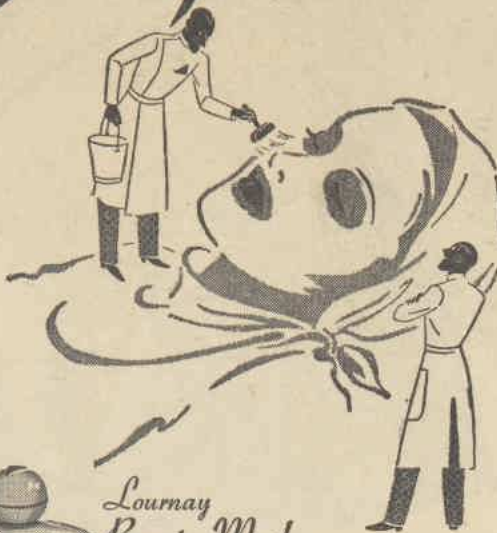
J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LIMITED.

S-30-38



NP16.

# Beauty Mask



Lournay  
Beauty Mask

10/4

Years soon steal the  
freshness of youth  
from a lovely skin if you do  
not give it every care. If your  
mirror tells you candidly of blemishes

and fine lines, now is the time for Lournay Beauty Mask. Created from a secret formula, Lournay Beauty Mask is sure in its mission, swift in its achievement, yet its simple home application is safe for every type of skin.

## LOURNAY CLEANSING CREAM

In addition to thoroughly  
removing the Beauty  
Mask, this exquisitely  
fine Cream mangles  
away all impurities  
brought to the surface  
by the gentle action of  
the Mask.



4/8



Obtainable at all  
exclusive Stores and Chemists

Remember **MODESS** IS  
more **ABSORBANT** more **COMFORTABLE**  
and **HIGHEST VALUE**

BOX OF  
12  
FOR 1/2

Modess is the finest sanitary napkin made. It has special features that make it more absorbent than any other — that means more protection. And Modess is the lowest priced sanitary napkin sold—1/2 buys a box of twelve. For finest quality at lowest price ask for Modess.

Modess Sanitary Napkins, 1/2 Box of 12.

**MODESS**  
SANITARY NAPKINS

Product of Johnson & Johnson.  
World's largest  
makers of Surgical  
Dressings.  
1-6-41

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★★ BITTER SWEET

(Week's Best Release)

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. (MGM.)

MGM present Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in an eye and ear filling technicolor extravaganza based on Noel Coward's musical romance of old Vienna.

And what a feast of music it is! And how Nelson and Jeanette sing those well-loved, appealing tunes. "I'll See You Again," "Tokay," "Our Little Cafe," and the rest, are in the film, rendered with rare spirit and feeling in solo and duet by the stars.

Apart from the music, and the staggeringly opulent sets and costumes, the film has little to offer.

Sugar-sweet is this version of Coward's charming tale of the English girl who elopes to Vienna with her music teacher, their subsequent poverty which reduces them to singing in the streets, and the final bitter-sweet triumph.

Eddy, at his most likeable, gives a sincere, attractive performance. But Jeanette, although charming to look at in a series of bustles and bonnets, blatantly gushes. Comedians Felix Bressart and Curt Bois, as a dubious pair of hangers-on, fail to raise a laugh. Edward Ashley's stilted Englishman, ex-fiancee of Jeanette, is tiresomely unreal.—St. James; showing.

### ★ DRESSED TO KILL

Lloyd Nolan, Mary Beth Hughes. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

LIKEABLE Lloyd Nolan again plays the wisecracking private detective, Michael Shayne, in this mildly enjoyable murder melodrama.

A theatre and adjoining hotel are the backgrounds for his adventures. Nolan is out to beat the police to the solution of a strange double murder. The police, represented by blundering William Demarest, are, as usual, extraordinarily dull.

Add to the thrills some lightly amusing byplay between Nolan and Mary Beth Hughes, whose marriage is sidetracked by the murder investigations—and blonde Mary Beth is certainly an eye-filling beauty. Nolan skims through his role with his customary light-hearted ease.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

### ★ THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK

Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes. (Columbia.)

PETER LORRE gets another horror role in this macabre melodrama.

Newly arrived in New York, Hungarian Lorre is disfigured in an hotel fire. Unable to get a job because of his sinister appearance, Lorre becomes leader of a gang of killers. His idea is to get money quickly in order to have his face fixed by a plastic surgeon.

Unfortunately, the best the surgeon can do is provide him with a mask to hide his ruined features.

There's a woman in the case—Evelyn Keyes—a blind girl who influences Lorre to give up his life of crime.

Lorre gives his usual competent performance, with Don Beddoe most convincing as a detective.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.



DEBORAH KERR, who appears in the English drama, "Love on the Dole," to be shown soon.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

### ★ ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS

Binnie Barnes, Mary Lee. (Republic.)

A LIGHTLY attractive romance with music, "Angels With Broken Wings" is a showcase for the talents of five of Republic's bright young players—Mary Lee, Jane Frazee, Leni Lynn, Lois Ransson, and Marilyn Hare.

Story deals with the efforts of this quintet to solve the romantic difficulties of Katharine Alexander, whose marriage to Sidney Blackmer is baulked by his first wife, the self-seeking Binnie Barnes.

Mary Lee, recently seen in Gene Autry Westerns, sings swing numbers with her usual vivacity, and you'll like Gilbert Roland as the debonair South American who helps the girls. Jane Frazee, as the elder sister in love with Edward Norris, makes a refreshing heroine.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

### Shows Still Running

★★★ Fantasia. Walt Disney feature. Brilliant, controversial new entertainment.—Embassy; 9th week.  
★★★ Major Barbara. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison in superbly-acted Shaw satire.—Century; 6th week.  
★★ The Devil and Miss Jones. Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn in delightful comedy.—Mayfair; 4th week.  
★★ Manhunt. Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett in spine-tingling adventure.—Plaza; 3rd week.  
★★ A Woman's Face. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas in intriguing melodrama.—Liberty; 2nd week.  
★★ Virginia. Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray in technicolor romance.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.  
★★ Adam Had Four Sons. Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter in pleasing family drama.—State; 2nd week.  
★★ Sunny. Anna Neagle in lavishly-produced musical.—Regent; 2nd week.

## Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

AS "Amy Mollison" Anna Neagle will make several trips over the Channel in R.A.F. planes. Now in England, Anna is already at work against a background of reality.

Herbert Wilcox, her director, who was a flier in the last war, will direct many scenes from a special plane furnished him by the British Government.

JOINING the cast of "They Died With Their Boots On" is Anna Q. Nilsson. Miss Nilsson has come out of her enforced eight-year retirement (which was due to illness) to resume her career at the same studio which last employed her.

VERONICA LAKE, now the mother of a baby girl, Elaine, is studying the script of "This Gun for Hire," which will be her first film since her retirement. She is married to John Dillie, an art director at Paramount.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S latest discovery is Elizabeth Hall. He is training her for a movie debut.

TAKING over Robert Montgomery's place as head of the British War Relief of Southern California is Basil Rathbone. Montgomery is now in London as a naval attaché at the American Embassy.

MARLENE DIETRICH is surveying a group of 29 hats with approval. This stack of millinery represents her headgear for the story, "Miss Madden Is Willing." Some of the fantastic items are inspired by men's models. There will be a derby, a panama, and a version of a top hat to crowd her curls. The rest of the 26 hats remain a deep, dark secret—but Dietrich admits they are really something to rave about.

ERROL FLYNN and Lili Damita have made amicable arrangements for their divorce. Lili is the proudest mother on earth, and raves about the child to anyone who will lend an ear.

Errol, meanwhile, is devoting his attention to Olivia de Havilland.

WORD comes from England that Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are anticipating a visit from the stork. This will knock on the head all those plans of David Selznick's to star Vivien in a picture in England.

DEPEND on Gary Cooper to fall asleep at a moment's notice. His talent for relaxation was turned to good account the other day by Director Hawks. For a scene in "Ball of Fire," Gary had to wait for the camera in a big soft Victorian feather bed and, inevitably, he fell asleep. Hawks moved in with the microphone and recorded the gentle Cooper snore.

BETTE DAVIS and Ann Sheridan have severed relations. Working together in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," they avoid speaking to each other; and when the director must give them directions he speaks to each separately.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, with her chic and flair for clothes, has cast an eye over Garbo's wardrobe and has designed a dress for the Swedish actress to wear in the film in which they play together. They are the best of friends.

LORD BEAVERBROOK left America with the scripts of several plays in his despatch case. They were all light comedies by Hollywood writer Charles Bennett, who is donating them to the British service organisations for staging.

LARAINÉ DAY is playing Herbert Marshall's sweetheart in "Kathleen," the Shirley Temple film. Just a year ago, Laraine played his daughter in "Foreign Correspondent."

MOTHERS won't have any difficulty in getting their children to visit the dentist if Walt Disney can help it. In conjunction with writer Rowland Brown and dental surgeon Robert Malmes, Disney has made two animated cartoons which can be projected through a new machine on to the ceiling of the dentist's room. Now while junior lies in the chair with his mouth open he can forget the terrors of the drill by watching the cavortings of Mickey Mouse as he flickers over the ceiling. The movies will be called "Distraction for Extraction."



# The Movie World

October 18, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

17

## Miranda ... Brazilian bombshell

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

**T**INY Brazilian musical sensation Carmen Miranda, five feet of South American fire and wit, has brought a new and glittering glamor into a world that thought it had mastered every nuance of the word.

In Hollywood hordes of dazzled stars stream into Grauman's Chinese Theatre every night to watch Carmen swing and sing on the stage to the hot South American rhythm of her Moon Band.

Ever since Carmen adapted the native Bahiana costume in velvets and silks to her own professional wardrobe, and imitated the fruit baskets the natives carry on their heads for her towering turbans, ever since she discovered the trick of singing with her eyes, hands, Miranda's career has been one grand triumphal march.

She became the darling of her native Brazil, of Paraguay, the Argentine. She was a riot in New York.

Then she made her singing debut

in the Fox film, "Down Argentine Way." Her screen fortune was made. Appearing at Grauman's in the evenings, she completed two more films, "That Night in Rio" and "Week-end in Havana," in which she has romantic roles.

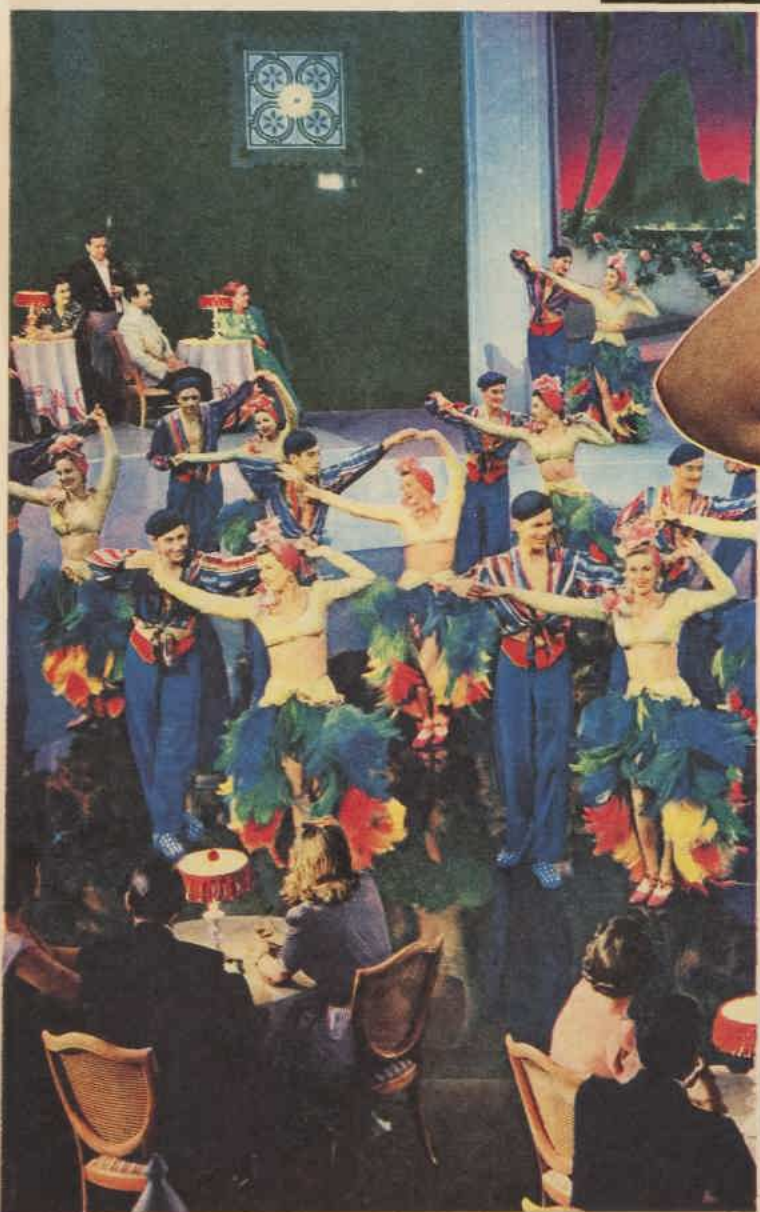
When Miranda arrived in New York she could speak just twenty-four words in English. Now, with the help of those expressive shoulders and those eloquent eyes, she can make herself easily understood.

No less exotic in real life than on the screen, Carmen has green eyes, reddish-brown hair. She is 26.

If temperament means spirit and originality, Miranda certainly has it. But you'll find no more lovable or natural person in Hollywood.

She draws a strict line between her public and her private life. She seldom appears in night-clubs, and when she does remains only for one or two rhumbas—her favorite dance.

Her personal wardrobe is of the simplest—tailored suits and slacks in her favorite shade of brown, and twisted turbans in muted tones.



● Carmen Miranda, Twentieth Century-Fox star, in exotic costume for her latest film, "That Night in Rio." At left: Colorful night-club scene from the film, featuring the famed Brazilian national dance, the Samba.





● IN *CLAVERTY VILLAGE*, 1941, farmer Rookby (John Clements) with laborer Applegard (Emlyn Williams) meets American reporter (Constance Cummings) and explains England's heritage of liberty.

## Tale of courage

EMLYN WILLIAMS TALKS ABOUT  
ENGLISH FILM-MAKING TO-DAY

By JUDY BAILEY from London

I HAVE just come from hearing Emlyn Williams talk about British pictures—and the future of British pictures—in wartime.

This dark, vital young Welshman is himself one of the foremost figures in keeping up the standard of English films to-day.

He appears in every worth-while film. He writes dialogue and assists with production, too, as in "This England" (scenes from which are shown on this page). He is actively concerned with the employment of actors through these times—and sees to it, too, that the serious stage goes on. For Williams is continuing with his playwriting and his theatre.

In our interview, Emlyn Williams was optimistic and positive about the future of British film production. He pointed out that since the war began England has made some of her biggest successes—"Night Train to Munich," "Major Barbara," "Convoy," "Freedom Radio." He rattled off a list of coming films—"Siege," "Fleet Air Arm," "Pitt the Younger," "First of the Few."

His praise and his faith are, however, for the English studios and English players who have carried on through the last strenuous 18 months, making films which are entertainment—and which are the most splendid propaganda of all.

"Take 'This England,'" said Williams. "It tells the story of a small English village, and of two English families, down through the centuries. Its man of the manor, Rookby, and its man of the farm, Applegard, are the spirit of Britain, which has hurled back invasion, and conquered the conqueror."

"It was 'This England' which made me realise that you who go to films and we who make them have between us got the cure for war tension; and that cure is—the magic of true make-believe."

"I shall never forget one day's work on the film, a day that found 150 people sleepless after a night's blitz, and reluctant to leave their serious problems which were thronging minds. I frankly confess that I was wondering if this business of making pictures in wartime wasn't too unreal, too farcical. We even had to wait for filming until R.A.F. planes stopped roaring overhead."

"When I came out of the tent where I had been writing dialogue, I found, however, that my attention was galvanised in a moment. Every person was standing still, looking towards the brow of the hill in a silence only broken by the rustle of the age-old oak trees."

"There was a glitter of steel, the waving of a banner, the gleam of bronzed bodies; and a great procession of Roman centurions, legislators and slaves made its way towards the trees—and past the hut where a bearded Briton guarded the body of his wife, slain by the arrows of the invaders."

"For that silent and solemn moment these two weren't John Clements and Constance Cummings at all, they were living in another age and had taken us with them: they had turned into two tragic figures of our imagination. And by 'our' I mean not only us, the creators of the film—I mean you, the public for which we create: it is both of us together that can work this fascinating trick."

"And it was in that moment I realised, with a sudden lifting of the spirits, that fine films can be done even in these days—and that it's worth it!"

● IN *THE 11th CENTURY*, after the Norman Conquest, Clements (right foreground) is a stalwart Anglo-Saxon farmer, who, with the help of Williams, leads a successful revolt against the harsh rule of the Norman baron and holds British soil.



● IN *THE 16th CENTURY*, when the Spanish Armada is threatening England's shores, Clements (right) fights against oppressive estate steward for the freedom of the farmers. Constance Cummings is a gipsy shipwrecked near Claverly.



● IN *THE 19th CENTURY*, with Napoleon's invasion fleet lying across the Channel, Clements (right) plans with the Lord of Claverly (Frank Pettingel). In the background (centre) is Emlyn Williams with other Claverly villagers.



● *ARMISTICE NIGHT*, 1918, and Clements, blinded in the war, comes home to his village to farm again with the help of Williams. Constance Cummings is his American cousin about to return to her own country.



YOU WHO WOULD BE AS LOVELY AS THIS . . .



RESTORE THE  
*Missing Pink*

WITH PAUL DUVAL UNDERTONE BASE

WITH PAUL DUVAL FACE POWDER

RECAPTURE THE DELICATE, PINK SKIN TONINGS WITH "VIBRANT" UNDERTONE BASE. The oldest, newest, loveliest allure of all... the warm, petal-tinted skin tonings... has been stolen from many Australian complexions by drying winds and bright sunshine. Paul Duval's thrilling new Complexion Base restores these warm, natural tints. A magical cream... different from anything you've ever seen before. "Vibrant" does not vanish into the skin, but imparts a film of entrancing warmth, and glows through your powder with the healthy richness of true skin toning. With a finish matt-as-a-gardenia, Undertone Base holds your powder relentlessly from dusk till dawn... yes, definitely!

FACE POWDER... uniquely created with the 'Missing Pink' toning in all blended shades and standard packs... gossamer-fine, mist-light... a final touch of perfection in this glowing colour symphony. NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL SMART CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES

Undertone Base "Vibrant"

3/6

Face Powder

3/6

*Paul Duval*





## A black and white photograph of four people in Western attire. From left to right: a man in a dark suit and tie, a man in a cowboy hat and vest, a woman in a white blouse and plaid skirt, and a man in a cowboy hat and dark coat. They are standing outdoors, possibly in front of a wooden fence or building.

A sepia-toned photograph of four men in a wooded area. On the left, a man stands wearing a plaid shirt, dark trousers, and a top hat, holding a small object in his hands. In the center, two men are crouching; one wears a wide-brimmed hat and a light-colored jacket, while the other is partially obscured. On the right, a man with a beard and a top hat sits on the ground, leaning against a large log. The background is filled with trees and foliage.

**Unsightly**  
**PIMPLES**  
CLEARED *Away*



Three months ago, my face was a mass of pimples. I was self-conscious and utterly wretched.



Being very fond  
John, I was  
anxious to in-  
press him. I tried  
desperately to  
clear them away  
...but nothing  
did the slightest  
good, until...



One day I tried  
Rexona Centimental.  
Hardly daring to  
hope, I watched  
for results. A few  
days later mother  
said: "Jeez, you  
pimples are going."



Imagine my  
light. So  
there wasn't  
purple le  
What's mo  
I've hope  
of them  
since ju  
using Rexona.

**SIX** healing med-  
 icaments make Rex-  
 ona Ointment  
 perfect even  
 for all  
 trou-  
 ble  
 1/7  
 in the g-  
 trian-  
 tin (3 c-  
 the quan-  
 tity.

Q.19.32

JOAN FONTAINE, who was great acclaim for her outstanding performance in "REBECCA" uses Max Factor's Hollywood cosmetics to enhance her natural beauty, so do most of the Motion Picture Stars in Hollywood. You, too, may learn the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick created for you by the world's foremost Make-up Studio. By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor's Hollywood and Color Harmony Chart listing correct shade for your individual type.

Stores and Chemists and the City of Sydney.

Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the  
for Salon, Her Majesty's, Sydney.

**FILL IN COUPON  
AND POST TO DAY**

MAX FACTOR, PER MAJESTY'S ARCADE,  
STURGEY, AUSTRALIA. SEND MAX FACTOR  
PINKETTES 1 BANGLE, ROSE, SAMPLER AND LIPSTICK  
COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING. ALSO SEND  
MY COLOR MAKEUP MAKEUP MAKEUP CHART  
BOOK. THE NEW ART OF SOCIETY.  
MAKE UP BY MAX FACTOR.

Completion	ETC	HAIR	SEX
1971 (light)	BLK <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1972 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1973 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1974 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1975 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1976 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1977 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1978 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1979 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1980 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1981 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1982 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1983 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1984 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1985 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1986 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1987 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1988 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1989 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1990 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1991 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1992 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1993 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1994 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1995 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1996 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1997 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1998 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
1999 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2000 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2001 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2002 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2003 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2004 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2005 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2006 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2007 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2008 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2009 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2010 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2011 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2012 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2013 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2014 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2015 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2016 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2017 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2018 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2019 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2020 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2021 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2022 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2023 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2024 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2025 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2026 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2027 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2028 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2029 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2030 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2031 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2032 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2033 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2034 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2035 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2036 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2037 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2038 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2039 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2040 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2041 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2042 (light)	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>
2043 (			

**Max Factor**  
Hollywood London

Representatives for  
Australia  
Fred C. James and  
Cec. H. Anderson  
Pty. Ltd.  
Box 3962Y, G.P.O.  
Sydney

## Replacing the pony express

LAST story ever written by Zane Grey, "Western Union" has been filmed by 20th Century-Fox. Its title, that of a famous American telegraph company, conceals an adventurous chapter in the history of the west. For danger, excitement, and high action accompanied the stringing of the telegraph wires across the Western States—in the days when settlers were still used to sending messages by the Pony Express!

Dean Jagger, Randolph Scott, Virginia Gilmore, and Robert Young are featured.

A black and white photograph showing a group of approximately ten men standing on a bridge made of large logs. The men are dressed in early 20th-century work clothes, including hats, shirts, and trousers. They are looking in various directions, some towards the camera and others away. The bridge spans a river, and the background shows a wooded area with trees. The image has a slightly grainy, historical quality.

**7 CHALLENGED** among next morning's wreckage by Creighton, who believes him Slade's confederate, Shaw throws up his job without explanation and disappears.



# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY  
JUNE MARSDEN

**Capitalise your opportunities now, Librans! Make the most of the chances that come your way!**

As the love nature of Librans—people born between September 23 and October 24—is one of the most vital factors in their lives, it is of paramount importance that they should seek their friends and partners with extreme care and not grow impatient if they are slow in appearing. With their impatience leads to rashness, and rashness makes many rush into marriage.

Librans will usually find that people born under the sign Aquarius (January 20 to February 19) or Gemini (May 22 to June 22) will make fine partners and friends. Next best are other Librans, Leonians (July 23 to August 24), and Sagittarians (November 23 to December 23).

But when married to Cancerians (June 22 to July 23), Capricornians (December 22 to January 20), or Arians (March 21 to April 21), patience, understanding and selflessness must be exercised to achieve happiness for both parties.

## The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard against loss, opposition, deception, quarrels, and upsets on October 18 (especially late afternoon), and in a more general way on October 19 and 20. Let important matters wait.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Unpleasant, yet important matters which cannot wait several weeks must now be started or completed, for in the near future you must live quietly for a while. Meanwhile, October 18 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), October 19 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), October 20 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), and October 21 (from 1 to 3 p.m.) should be mildly helpful. Work hard.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Work diligently, plan wisely, and act optimistically. Benefits and promotion or favors and happiness are possible. Make much of October 18 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), October 19 (late p.m. only), October 20 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), October 21 (from 1 to 3 p.m.), and October 22 (from 1 to 3 p.m.).

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Be cautious a while longer, for things improve soon. Beware now can cause trouble later on. October 18 (around sunrise), October 19 (mid-afternoon), October 20 (mid-afternoon), and October 21 (mid-afternoon) may prove difficult.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): Quite fair for you on October 18 (late evening), October 19 (from 9 a.m. till 1 p.m.), October 20 (near sunrise, early afternoon, and mid-evening), and October 21 (mid-afternoon). Seek opportunities and modest gains.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just a week of days for most Virgians, with October 18 (late evening), 19, and 21 (after 5 p.m.) slightly helpful.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 24): Do not waste time for opportunities and advancements can be achieved now. Plan well, work hard, be optimistic, especially on October 18 (after 10 p.m.), October 19 (between 3 a.m. and 1 p.m.), October 20 (after 9 p.m.), October 21 (round sunrise, early afternoon and late evening), October 22 (mid-afternoon), and October 23 (between 3 and 10 p.m.).

**SCORPIO** (October 25 to November 21): Better times coming soon. Get busy planning ahead and getting routine matters in hand or outstanding affairs completed. October 18 (from 1 to 3 p.m.) best, but not strong. October 19 fair, also October 21 (between 3 and 10 p.m.).

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Very fair for you on October 18 (late evening), October 19 (between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m.), October 20 (morning, noon, and night), October 21 (mid-afternoon), and October 22 (between 3 and 10 p.m.) may also be fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Be on guard this week, unless you want to encourage difficulties, delays and upsets for yourself. This is especially so on October 18 (mid-evening), October 19, and probably October 20 and 21.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Go ahead with ideas and propositions, or search for more happiness and pleasure. Make good use of October 18 (fair), October 19 (near sunrise, early afternoon, and mid-evening), and October 20 (from 2.30 to 5 p.m.). Be cautious on October 21 (late), and 22 (early afternoon).

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Things improve soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, October 18 and October 21 (after 1 p.m. and from 5 to 10 p.m.) fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with the aid of **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has solved the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum. He discovers that **DR. BENDAR:** The Assistant Curator, was the head of a gang of criminals who were trying to cut through into a vault containing priceless treasures, and had invented the Walking Mummy, impersonated by Bendar's wife, to scare the attendants out of the eastern wing of the museum. His work completed, Mandrake bids farewell to **DR. WHITE:** The Director of the Museum, and **SONNY:** His daughter, and leaves, intending to have a holiday. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . . Price 6d.



# Knit this PASTEL TWIN SET

● Here's a twin set ideal for those uncertain afternoons when the wind blows chill even in summer time. The jumper with its lacy stitch looks attractive with or without the long-sleeved cardigan.

**I**T'S the type of thing you can make right away, knowing you may be glad of it any time during the year.

**Material (Cardigan):** 10ozs. Patons and Baldwin's 4-ply fingering wool 1 pr. No. 12 and 1 pr. No. 9 "Beehive" knitting needles. Two shoulder pads, 5 buttons, and 4 press studs.

**Measurements:** Width all round at underarm, 33ins. Length from top of shoulder, 19ins. Length of sleeve from underarm, 18ins.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to the inch in width.

**Materials (Jumper):** 6ozs. Patons and Baldwin's 3-ply fingering wool, 1 pr. No. 12 and 1 pr. No. 10 "Beehive" knitting needles. Two pieces tape 31ins. long, and 4 press studs. Two stitch-holders.

**Measurements:** Width all round at underarm, 33ins. Length from top of shoulder, 18ins. Length of sleeve from underarm, 5ins.

**Tension:** 7½ sts. to the inch in width.

## THE CARDIGAN—BACK

Using No. 12 needles and 4-ply wool, cast on 96 sts. (work into back of all cast-on sts.).

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1. Repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat this row 32 times.

**34th Row:** K 2, p 1, \* k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 3 times. Rep. from \* to last 3 sts. P 1, k 1, p 1 (84 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st. for 14 rows. Inc. at both ends of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 100 sts. on needle. Work 3 more rows (11½ins.).

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next two rows. Then k 2 tog. each end every alternate row 4 times (80 sts.). Continue without shaping until armholes are 6ins. (measured on the straight), total length, 18½ins.

**Shoulder Shaping:** 1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 8 sts., turn.

**3rd and 4th Rows:** Work to last 16 sts., turn.

**5th and 6th Rows:** Work to last 24 sts., turn.

Work to the end. In the next row cast off 24 sts. Work to the end. Cast off 24 sts. Work on remaining 32 sts. as follows:

**1st Row:** Purl.

**2nd Row:** Knit. Increase one st. at both ends of needle (34 sts.).

Rep. these two rows 3 times. Cast off.

## FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and 4-ply wool, cast on 64 sts.

**1st Row:** K 1, p 7, \* k 1, p 1.

Rep. from \* to last st. K 1.

**2nd Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1. Rep.

**34th Row:** P 8, k 1, p 1, \* k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) 3 times. Rep. from \* 5 times. K 2 tog., k 1, p 1 (57 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and work 14 rows in st-st. Inc. once at the beg. of the next and every following 8th row, three times. On the 3rd. inc. row, commence to shape the front by knitting to the last 10 sts. K 2 tog., k 8. Continue to inc. at seam edge in every 8th row, and decrease inside hem of front edge in every 6th row until 8 inc. and 7 dec. have been made. Work 3 rows (11½ins.).

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row. Then k 2 tog. every alternate row 4 times (45 sts.). Continue in st-st. and dec. every 6th row at front until 42 sts. remain.

**Next Row:** K 15, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 8. Continue in st-st., but working one st. less before each dec. every 6th row 4 times (34 sts.). Omitting dec. at front edge, continue in st-st., decreasing twice more for shoulder shaping. Con-

tinue until work measures same as back.

**Shoulder Shaping:** 1st Row: Purl to last 8 sts., turn.

**2nd, 4th and 6th Rows:** Knit.

**3rd Row:** Purl to last 16 sts., turn.

**5th Row:** Purl to last 24 sts., turn.

Cast off.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and 4-ply wool, cast on 56 sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1. Rep. from \* to end of row.

Rep. this row 32 times.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 8 rows in st-st. Inc. one st. at both ends of the needle in the next and every following 8th row, until there are 88 sts. on the needle (18ins.). Continue in st-st. Dec. 1 st. both ends every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Shape top as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, p 28, p 2 tog., turn.

**2nd Row:** S 1, k 18, s 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., turn.

**3rd Row:** S 1, p 18, p 2 tog., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

Continued on page 25



SOFT PINK three-ply fingering wool makes the jumper. The cardigan is in heaven-blue.

## WHAT GIVES A FILM STAR "OOMPH"?

Many things, of course, but smooth, soft skin is mighty important. To care for my complexion I depend on Lux Toilet Soap. I love my daily Lux Toilet Soap bath.

Actual statement by

*Ann Sheridan*  
A Warner Bros. Star in "Navy Blues"

—AND THIS PRETTY AUSTRALIAN GETS HER "OOMPH" THE SAME WAY →

WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MISS SHERIDAN IS CERTAINLY GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I FEEL LIKE A FILM STAR MYSELF AFTER MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH. AND THIS DAILY LUXURY ISN'T EXPENSIVE

SHE: CREAM ROSES... OH, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!  
HE: NO MORE LOVELY THAN YOUR SKIN MY DARLING



# LUX TOILET SOAP

is supercreamed... gives a rich, luxurious lather

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT.32.1B

IN *Lingerie* **KATSER** PRESENTS

There's a KATSER style for every type and taste! Here's a very feminine version of the pyjama. Notice the clever cut of the bodice, the becoming insets of net and embroidery.

*A Spring Fashion*  
FROM THE **KATSER** STUDIO OF STYLE  
Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now... I insist on KATSER



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

October 18, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

• Trim neckline and buttoned bodice contrast with the skirt flounces of this blue-and-white silk frock. It's very flattering to a slim figure, and the essence of gaiety and simplicity for a special summer occasion. (Below).

## SUMMER AFTERNOON

• If you have pretty hands, the full sleeves of this flower-scattered frock will enhance their appearance. The tricky bodice and hipline peplum are designed to help the figure that's just a little too slim. (Left).



• Ever-effective stripes in cyclamen and white crepe make a jacket suit which would be equally in place for shopping in town or tea at a smart restaurant. Box-pleated jacket strikes a new note. (Left).

• Victorian fichu inspired the neckline for this demure afternoon frock in grey and white. Full sleeves, above elbow length, and a narrow bow complete the picture. (Above).



# HAPPY AS SAND-GIRLS



• Midriff suit that's trim yet satisfactorily frivolous. The shorts are cut to look like an abbreviated skirt. This one is made in seersucker in orange, green, and white. (Above.)



• Hawaiian cloth with enormous sprawling scarlet flowers on a white ground makes this glamor suit of bra-top, shorts, and flowing skirt. It's practical, too, as the skirt can be used as a cape. (Right.)



• Hooded wrap of white terry towelling for the beach girl above. Her bathing suit is white satin Lastelex with flower groupings in nasturtium colors.



• Floral blouse and trim white slacks with a tie belt of the blouse material (scarlet and white silk) threaded through slots on the slacks waistband. (Left.)





# NOVEL ACCESSORIES

Summer accents  
from New York

Sketched by PETROV



● 1.—Detachable cuffs of white pique for both handbag and gloves in this accessory set of black suede, the pique ornamented with gold buttons.



● 2.—Stocking cap of red-and-white striped jersey for spectator sports. ● 3.—Peasant bonnet of pale blue and scarlet felt squares joined by crochet.

## New gloves

● 4.—Rickrack braid outlining white fabric. ● 5.—White kid buttoned like old-fashioned chair upholstery. ● 6.—Draped to match the frock sleeves. ● 7.—Pleated and buttoned like a double-breasted coat. ● 8.—Close-fitting and zipped from cuff to little finger.



## Pastel Twin Set...

Continued from page 22

### TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on the wrong side, with warm iron and damp cloth. Make hem down the two fronts and at back of neck. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Place shoulder pads in position, and attach. Carefully press all seams and front and back hems. Sew buttons on, placing press studs underneath.

### JUMPER—FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and 3-ply wool, cast on 110 sts.

1st Row: \* K 1, p 1. Rep. from \* to end of row.

Rep. this row 32 times. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st-st. Inc. at both ends of the needle in the 13th and every following 10th row until there are 120 sts. on the needle. On the 5th inc. row, commence pattern.

1st Row: K 1, inc. in the next st. K 51, p 12, k 51, inc. in the next st. K 1.

2nd Row: K 1, p 53, k 12, p 53, k 1.

3rd Row: K 54, \* (k 2 tog.) twice, (wl. fwd., k 1) four times, (k 2 tog.) twice, \* k 54.

4th Row: K 1, p to the last st. K 1.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once.

7th Row: K 42, p 36, k 42.

8th Row: P 42, k 36, p 42.

9th Row: K 42. Rep. from \* to \* of the 3rd row 3 times, k 42.

10th Row: Like the 4th row.

Rep. the 9th and 10th rows once.

13th Row: K 30, p 60, k 30.

14th Row: P 30, k 60, p 30.

15th Row: K 30, rep. from \* to \* of the 3rd row 5 times, k 30.

16th Row: Like the 4th row.

Rep. the 15th and the 16th rows once.

19th Row: K 18, p 84, k 18.

20th Row: P 18, k 84, p 18.

21st Row: K 18, rep. from \* to \* of the 3rd row 7 times, k 18.

22nd Row: Like the 4th row.

Rep. the 21st and the 22nd rows once.

Armhole Shaping: 25th Row: Cast off 5 sts., k 12, p to last 18 sts., k 18.

26th Row: Cast off 5 sts., p 12, k to last 13 sts., p 13.

27th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 8, pattern to last 13 sts., k 13.

28th Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end of the row.

29th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k 4, pattern to last 9 sts., k 9.

30th Row: Like the 28th row.

Continue in pattern, knitting 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows (86 sts.).

Keeping continuity of pattern, continue until work measures 15½ ins. from the commencement.

Neck and Shoulder Shaping: Pattern 34 sts. Place the remaining sts. on a stitch-holder and work on the 34 sts. as follows: K 2 tog. at neck edge for 4 rows, then k 2 tog. every alternate row, until 26 sts. remain. Work in pattern for 1 in. Shape shoulder by working in pattern to last 9 sts., turn.

Next Row: Pattern to end of row.

Next Row: Pattern to last 18 sts., turn.

Next Row: Pattern to end of row. Cast off.

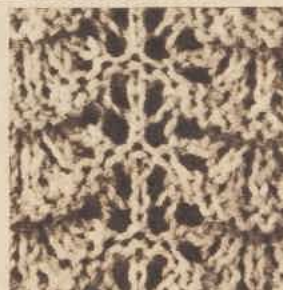
Leave the 18 centre sts. on a stitch-holder, and work the remaining 34 sts. to correspond with other side.

### BACK

The back is worked as given for the front, except that it is done entirely in stocking-stitch. When armholes have been reached proceed as follows: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Then k 2 tog. each end of the next 6 rows (82 sts.). Continue until work measures 16½ ins. from commencement.

Shape neck and shoulders as follows: Right side towards you, knit 30 sts., slip next 32 sts. on to a stitch-holder. Shape right shoulder first by knitting 2 tog. at neck edge for next 4 rows. Work in st-st. for 1 in. Shape shoulder by working to last 9 sts., turn.

Next Row: Work back.



THIS IS A CLOSE-UP of the stitch forming a panel in front of the sweater of the twin set, which is shown on page 22.

Next Row: Work to last 18 sts., turn.

Next Row: Work back. Shape other shoulder to correspond with right shoulder. Cast off.

### SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 12 needles and 3-ply wool, cast on 84 sts.

1st Row: \* K 1, p 1. Rep. from \* to end of row.

Rep. this row 16 times. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. Inc. at both ends of the needle in the 5th and every following 4th row until there are 96 sts. on the needle. Shape the top by knitting 2 tog. every alternate row until 40 sts. remain.

Next Row: \* K 1, k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to end of row. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

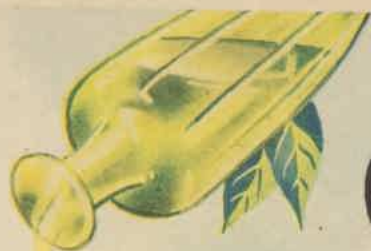
Join right shoulder seams. K up 28 sts. along left neck edge, the 18 from stitch-holder, 28 sts. along right neck edge, 10 sts. from back, 30 from holder, and 10 more. (124.) Knit in rib of k 1, p 1 for one inch.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side, with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew left shoulder for 1½ ins. Attach the tapes to the other 3½ ins. Sew on press studs. Place sleeve seam to seam and sew in.







# OLIVE OIL

*is the Secret of All Over Loveliness*



Since time immemorial, lovely women have recognised the fact that Olive Oil is the perfect skin beautifier. It keeps skin soft and smooth and gives the flawless glow of youth.

Women of to-day find a generous supply of this beautifying Olive Oil in Palmolive Soap. Palmolive will endow you with that schoolgirl complexion *all over* . . . and preserve it for all time.



Listen in to "PALMOLIVE STAR PARADE" every Tuesday at 8 p.m. on Stations 2GB, 2KA, 2CA, 3HR, 2GG, 2LM, 2NZ, 2WL, 3AW, 3BA, 3MA, 3SH, 3TR, 4BH, 4GR, 4AY, 5DN, 5RM, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, at 8.30 p.m. on 3SR, 4RO.



# Fashion PATTERNS

F2111.—Three-piece lingerie set, figure moulding and feminine. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds. 36ins. wide for nightie; 2½yds. 36ins. wide for slip, and 1yd. 36ins. wide for panties; 4½yds. lace trimming for the three garments. Pattern, 2/7 for set, or 1/3 individually.

F3285.—Trim day frock, with cool white collar and trimming. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast, and 10yds. lace trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F3290.—Gingham frock for the business girl, with smart yoke and slantwise pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide and ¾yds. trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F3269.—Smart spotted day frock, with neat white collar and attractive draped short sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. 36ins. wide and ¾yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2152.—Afternoon frock in flowered silk with pleated tiered apron effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1677.—Workmanlike tennis shorts and shirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide for shorts, and 1½yds. 36ins. wide for shirt. Pattern, 1/7.

F1997.—Smart frock for a matron, with contrast panels in bodice and skirt. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide and 1½yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.



## Special Concession Pattern

THREE suits for the small boy of 4 to 10 years. No. 1 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide, for blouse, and 1½ to 2yds. 36ins. wide, for trousers. No. 2 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide, for blouse, 1yd. 36ins. wide, for trousers, and ½yd. contrast. No. 3 requires 1½yds. 36ins. wide, for blouse, 1yd. 36ins. wide, for trousers and blouse trimming, and 1½yds. 36ins. wide, for blouse.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 5d. stamp over one month old 5d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under—  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
SUBURB \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

Pattern Coupon, 18/10/41

### Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F2152

F1997





*The last Dance . . .  
or the last Kiss . . .*



**Pond's "LIPS"**



still glow with warm, exciting colour

Pond's "Lips" will break men's hearts, but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stay on much longer. And, Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous in the bright sunlight as under the glare of electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its warm, rich colour. Six smart shades of Pond's Lipstick to choose from at all chemists and stores.



POND'S

Lipstick "A"

Lipstick "B"



**Make this test.** Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

**Pond's Lipstick** *stays on longer*

*"This Powder was made  
to our orders!"*

*... and it has the softest,  
finest texture of all"*

Thousands of Australian women just like yourself answered this question: "If you could have your powder made to order, what features would you want most?" This is what they said. "Give us a face powder that—1. Has the softest, finest texture possible. 2. Really clings for hours and hours. 3. Is glare-proof, so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones."

Now here is the one powder that gives you all these things—Pond's Face Powder. Six smart shades to choose from. Sold at all chemists and stores.

**POND'S  
FACE POWDER**

*new and improved*



THE SOFTEST,  
FINEST TEXTURE OF ALL

CLINGS FOR  
HOURS AND HOURS

IT'S  
GLAREPROOF

WIDE CHOICE  
OF SKIN TONES



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

POND'S FAMOUS CREAMS



## ● NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS ●

## Feeder and plate mat set...



142

FROCK and pantalettes for a tiny girl, obtainable ready traced to work from our Needlework Department.

## Frock and pantalettes

HERE'S a dainty frock with pantalettes to match for a small girl between two and six years of age.

It is obtainable ready traced to work from our Needlework Department on good quality sheer linen in white, tussore, lemon, blue, pink, and green (No. 142).

The material will launder beautifully, and the garments are ready to cut out, machine, and embroider.

Work it in pastel shades to contrast with the material chosen, in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and french knots. The neckline and sleeves are buttonholed.

Prices are as follows:  
Sizes, 2 to 4 years: Frock, 7/3; pantalettes, 3/6; set, 10/3.  
4 to 6 years: Frock, 8/6; pantalettes, 4/6; set, 12/9, plus 6d. extra for postage in both cases.  
Paper pattern only costs 1/6, and embroidery transfer only, 1/3.

● Every mother knows that a child who has fads about food is often easier to coax if his table-setting and utensils are attractive.

HERE'S a feeder and plate mat set to fill the bill, obtainable from our Needlework Department ready traced to work in linora in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

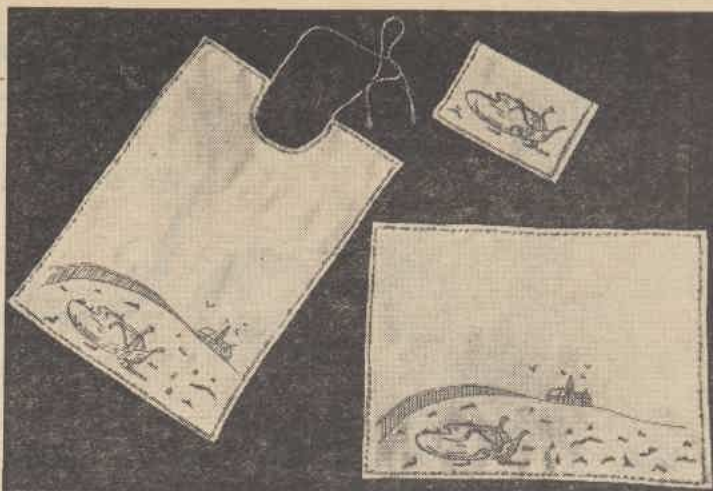
It is clearly traced ready to embroider. When it is finished turn a small hem round the edges and stem-stitch on the wrong side. If desired a spoke-stitched edge may be obtained. When ordering state the edge required.

Cottons for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department at 3d. per skein.

Price of complete set, comprising feeder, mat, and feeder case, is 2/11.

Sizes are: Feeder, 9 x 11 ins., mat, 12 x 17 ins., and case, 6 x 8 ins. folded.

THIS SET, comprising feeder, feeder case, and plate mat, would be appreciated as a gift for a small boy or girl.



## Sunsuit

MAKE a sun or beach suit for your little girl by ordering this one (No. 147) from our Needlework Department.

It is available traced ready to cut out, machine, and embroider, on floral dimity in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

A couple of these sunsuits would be ideal for the coming summer holidays, whether spent at the beach or at home.

As it is the only garment a small girl need wear, a supply of sunsuits would effect a considerable saving of trouble and time in the laundry.

The yoke is of plain material and the small embroidered spray is simplicity itself.

Prices are: 1-2 years, 3/9, 2-4 years, 4/3.

4-6 years, 4/11.

Postage costs 5d. extra.

Paper pattern only is priced at 1/6, and embroidery transfer only 1/3.



147

ANY SMALL girl between one and six years of age will look charming in this sun or beach suit.

## SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4699, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1850, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4888W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1850, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

## DRESS FOR A BABY GIRL

● This pretty dress for a baby girl (No. 125) is obtainable ready traced to machine and work from our Needlework Department.

It is available in best quality georgette in cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green.

The neck and hemline are scalloped and the yoke is embroidered. All you have to do is cut out, machine, and embroider. It would be an excellent Christmas gift for the mother of a baby girl.

Work the design in a pastel shade to harmonise with the color of the material chosen. Cottons for working are obtainable from our Needlework Department at 3d. per skein.

It is available in sizes from infants' to 18 months, at 6/11 each, plus 6d. postage.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4, and embroidery transfer 1/6.



125

EMBROIDERED dress for a baby girl, obtainable ready traced to work from our Needlework Department.

## "Damp-set"

## YOUR HAIR



Style by Buckingham Sydney Salon

## HAIR STAYS PERFECT ALL DAY LONG!

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is damp-setting—Hollywood's hair secret! A damp-set with VELMOT is perfect on any hair... to keep any hair-style looking its very best—in any conditions. JUST 3 STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush through a few drops of VELMOT. 3. Arrange with fingers and comb just as you like it best.

Instantly your wave revives. Hair gleams... silky soft, natural looking... stays perfectly in order... without greasy or "stiff" look. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. Ask for VELMOT—from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Citation-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## Overalls for junior



No 129

PLAY overalls for a small boy. They are useful and hard wearing.

A CHICKEN motif forms the embroidery design of these attractive play overalls (No. 129) for a small boy.

They are obtainable ready traced to cut out, machine, and embroider, from our Needlework Department, and are available in linora in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Cottons for working are also available at 3d. per skein.

Prices are: 1-2 years, 3/6, plus 4d. postage; 2-4 years, 3/11, plus 4d. postage.

Paper pattern only costs 1/4. No separate embroidery transfer is available.

## RHEUMATISM

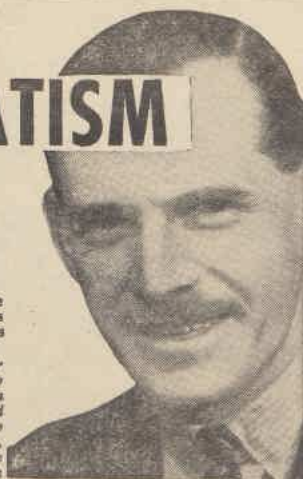
## De Witt's Pills quickly freed him from pain!

Mr. W. W. is so grateful for the benefit from De Witt's Pills that he is continually recommending them to others—who also "swear by them."

He writes:—"I state without fear of contradiction that I was a very bad sufferer from rheumatism. Then I heard of De Witt's Pills and decided to give them a trial. They acted like magic—I am now free from pain, but I always keep a bottle in the house. I have recommended them to others, who swear by them. What they have done for me they will do for others, if given a fair trial."

Mr. W. W.

De Witt's Pills overcome the pain caused by rheumatism because they tackle the trouble right at the source—weak kidneys. When kidneys are weak and sluggish they allow impurities and poisons, especially excess uric acid, to accumulate in the system. It is then your trouble starts. Until you get your kidneys acting normally again, your pain will continue and get worse.



De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys. They tone them up, strengthen them and restore normal healthy activity. You get visible proof of their direct action on the kidneys within 24 hours of taking the first dose.

With kidneys back at work again the real cause of your rheumatic troubles is cleared right out of the system. Then, and only then, will your pain end and the vigour and vitality of good health return again.

## DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Approval No. 173

Specially for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Troubles. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/11 and 6/.



**LET US HELP YOU TO BALANCE THE BUDGET**

WE BRING YOU: (1) FREE VALUABLE AND USEFUL HOUSEHOLD GIFTS  
(2) TASTY AND GENUINE HEALTH FOODS TO KEEP YOU FIT AND SAVE YOU UNNECESSARY EXPENSE

**LET US HELP YOU TO BALANCE YOUR BUDGET.**

INCREASED TAXES  
INCREASED PRICES  
INCREASED TAXES  
INCREASED PRICES

BIXIES  
NUT BUTTER  
VEET-BIX  
GRANOSE

### GET YOUR GIFTS QUICKLY!

You don't have to wait months or years for your gifts the Sanitarium way because free gift coupons from the following 21 Sanitarium Health Foods COMBINE for any free gift.

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| • PEANUT BUTTER     | • GLUTEN MEAL    |
| • BIXIES            | • NUT MEAT       |
| • GRANOSE           | • CORN FLAKES    |
| • DIABETIC MEAL     | • SOYA BEANS     |
| • GLUTEN BISCUITS   | • WEET-BIX       |
| • NUT CHEESE        | • GRAINUT        |
| • CERIX PUFFED RICE | • DIABETIC ROLLS |
| • MARMITE           | • PROTOSE        |
| • SAN-BRAN          | • KWIC-BRU       |
| • GRANOLA           | • BAKED BEANS    |

• CERIX PUFFED WHEAT

Rising prices . . . rising taxes . . . the ever-increasing difficulty of "making ends meet" demand that every housewife spends each penny to the best possible advantage.

You save money when you buy Sanitarium Health Foods because you get not only tasty and genuine health foods, but also FREE, VALUABLE AND USEFUL HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES in exchange for free gift coupons appearing on 21 different varieties of Sanitarium Health Foods.

You also save the unnecessary expense of patent medicines, doctors' bills, etc., because Sanitarium Health Foods help you to better health, and remember . . . GOOD HEALTH IS CHEAPER THAN ILL HEALTH.

**HOW TO MAKE YOUR OFFER :**

All gifts are available at the following addresses:

SYDNEY: 13 Hunter Street. NEWCASTLE: 14, The Arcade.  
MELBOURNE: York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade, also Sanitarium Health Food Shop and Gift Depot, 791 Bourke Road, Camberwell.  
PERTH: Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay Street.  
HOBART: 43 Elizabeth Street. LAUNCESTON: 82 Charles Street.

If you cannot call, having saved the necessary number of coupons from the various Sanitarium Health Foods, attach to them a small label bearing the following information:—1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. Number of coupons enclosed. 3. The article you require (mention three choices in case we should be out of supplies of your first choices). Enclose with stamps to cover freight and packing (if required) and post them at letter rate to the address of the depot nearest to you. Postage on all stamp sets is twopence.

IMPORTANT: Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.  
NOTE: This scheme does not operate in South Australia. \*Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

1-52-3

Jacquard Towels. Attractive designs and colours. **122** POINTS  
Postage 6d

Coloured Egg Cup & Saucer, "Duperite" ware. **17** POINTS  
Postage 3d.

Royce propelling Pencil. **68** POINTS  
Postage 2d.

Ladies "Down" Handkerchiefs. Box of 1/2 dozen white. **78** POINTS  
Postage 3d.

Gollywog. Good quality. **54** POINTS  
Postage 3d.

14-piece Child's Teaset, "Duperite" ware. **98** POINTS  
Postage 8d.

**THERE'S A WEALTH OF HEALTH IN Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS**



# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### White lilac . . .

ALL white wedding for Gwendoline Christian when she marries Sgt. Ewan Douglas Gunn, A.I.F., this Tuesday. Bride keeps wedding gown a secret from friends till she arrives at St. Mark's.

Plans to have white lilac for herself and bridesmaid, sister Nancy. Sgt. Paddy McFarlane, A.I.F., to be best man. Reception at Royal Sydney.

Gwendoline, second daughter of Mrs. A. E. Christian, Collaroy, wears mother's diamond brooch with wedding ensemble.

### Race recollections . . .

ANOTHER race week over . . . such a record of crowds, fashions, and attendant parties we're still talking and thinking about it.

Recall fashion hints I garnered from Ladies' Day and vow I must purchase a rose (artificial), yard of tulle and veil and call it a spring hat . . . they all look rather nonsensical but very nice.

Outstanding race ensemble Claudia Beazley's palest pink and beige linen lace frock worn with rough white straw hat with funnel crown . . . Claudia in town for week from Bowral home, where she rises at 7 a.m. every morning to feed calves!

Meet the F. W. Duesburys and daughter Madge, proud of part ownership in winner of Gimerack Stakes (Hestone) . . . and Jane Mills (still receiving good wishes on engagement) down from Quirindi for races and wedding plans, some time in November.

### They catch the eye . . .

BLACK velvet ribbon bows on Mrs. Lynn Vickery's baby-blue flat crepe frock and curled blue leaves trimming her black hat.

Huge cream roses on Mrs. Jim Lowry's diminutive white straw chapeau.

Mrs. Tom Wall's necklace of corn and matching earrings . . . worn with black silk ensemble.

### Everyone there . . .

JUST as big a crowd (in comparison) at Romano's as at Randwick for after races cocktail party . . . R.A.A.F. central area comforts fund.

Six hundred people watch floor shows, exchange news of day, dance and help comforts fund. Early-comers are lucky, get seating accommodation and chance to rest "race feet."

Mrs. Monte Fowler and Peggy Leslie collect tickets and money at entrance . . . Mrs. Fowler with lovely orchids pinned to black frock, present from Air Force husband, who rang from Deniliquin during day to say she would find "small bunch of primroses" waiting for her at party.

Mrs. T. H. Kelly organising with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere and Mrs. Jack Field . . . all pleased with party. Lads from Bradfield Park lend right atmosphere.

### Spring weeding . . .

NO holiday race meeting for Bonnie Field and Chris Langsworth . . . instead pack up picnic lunch and set off for newly-completed home at Killara to spend day weeding the garden!

Bonnie and Chris have fixed November 26 for wedding day at St. Jude's, Randwick. Sister Betty will be bridesmaid.

### Flying Dutchmen . . .

ENJOY reception at Australia for visiting Dutch journalists on day they fly down from Brisbane . . . new Government courteously allows old Government to carry on with arrangements made before the change and act as hosts.

Mrs. H. S. Foll wears pink-trimmed black frock and veiled hat to receive guests with ex-Minister husband (Senator Foll) . . . daughter Margory helps parents entertain.

Dr. Christiaan A. de Vries (Editor-in-Chief of "De Java Bode") describes visiting party to me . . . "There are 13 of us with Mr. Van der Plas at head. Two Chinese, two Javanese, one Sumatran and the rest Dutch. And of the eight Dutchmen we have three who are Government officials and five who are journalists." I try to find them all, but get lost in crowd.

Most amusing remark of afternoon . . . Mrs. J. A. Perkins (wife of former Minister) answers usual polite inquiry re health: "We are all well but politically dead."

### In Argentine manner . . .

GRAND fun at "Down Argentine Way" carnival for Sydney Industrial Blind at Trocadero . . . gay street scene with its chilli-decorated stalls, rum punch pavilion, and bar lasts till 10 o'clock, then cabaret on main floor.

Glimpse Noppy Money having photograph taken with pasteboard Carmen Miranda . . . also a few committee "doubles" for the Miranda strolling down carpeted street.

Mr. John (Juan for the night) Brunton resplendent in checked shirt, white trousers, red cummerbund, outsize sombrero . . . lovely basket of flowers from president Lady Davidson's home prize for one competition . . . and, of course, exhibition of La Conga led by Nuttie and Nicholas well worth waiting for!

Committee member Mrs. Arthur Morphy unfortunately sprains ankle leaving home in morning and misses all the fun and games.

### New grandchild . . .

IN town from country property which she is managing for R.A.A.F. husband, Bea (Mrs. Len) Bligh enjoys week's festivities.

Bea is very thrilled with new niece, baby daughter of sister Phillipa and Vic Vickers. The Jim Gordons, of Werriwa, Bungendore, are proud grandparents.

### Seen around town . . .

MRS. HECTOR LIVINGSTONE in black frock and super chapeau . . . white sailor with huge frill of tufted white ostrich feathers in front.

Betty Maxwell and Bill Kendall dining and dancing together.

Dancing with Air Force husband, Mrs. John Faviell wears cocktail frock of navy-blue silk moire, wide collar and cuffs of white pique threaded with blue ribbon.

### And heard . . .

ENTHUSIASTIC movie camera-ite, Mrs. Ely Palmer, takes films wherever she goes and U.S.A. Consul husband cuts and edits them.

New Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. J. Curtin, loves music . . . celebrity kind, definitely not "swing."



• ARRIVING FOR cocktails at R.A.A.F. party, Romano's. Mrs C. H. K. Miller and Mrs. Herbert Douglass.



• L.-c. LESLIE GARLING discusses with brunette Judy Sayers chances of next race at spring meeting.



• VISITORS TO EXHIBITION of the Press Club pictures of wartime London. Sheila Cortis and Mollie Keating.



• DINNER FOR TWO at Prince's. A.c.2 Russell Catts and wife.



• ARRIVING AT 'All Saints', Woollahra, for marriage with Dr. John Sevier, bride is escorted by brother, Bill Hagon.



• DANCING AT Romano's, Carma Nathan and Singapore visitor John Kane.



• SMART PUNTERS Mrs. Geoff Plater and Mrs. Reg. Jeffries both choose brown accessories for Randwick ensembles.



• 'DUTCH VISITORS' Dr. C. A. De Vries (left) and Mr. C. Versteeg, with Margory Foll at reception in their honour.



# Be Your Age

Continued from page 3

JANE had got one coat of distemper on the sitting-room and the furniture pushed back into place, when she realised it was nearly seven o'clock. Robert would be in quite soon, and she had not even considered what to get for their supper. At that moment she heard his footsteps in the flagged corridor, and her feelings of triumph faded a little. She sank down exhaustedly on the wide couch.

Robert stood in the doorway, surveying her handiwork with astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you've done it yourself?"

"Don't I look like it?"

"You do rather," he grinned. "You've got splashes on your nose and all over your shoes."

There was a small, curiously embarrassed pause as they stared at each other. It's months, she thought, since he has used that tone to me, and looked at me like that.

"You want a drink," he told her, and disappeared, coming back with bottles and glasses on an old kitchen tray.

"I ought to see about getting a meal, Robert."

"We'll get it together."

But it was at that precise juncture that Mrs. Bird arrived "to oblige," placid, kindly and intelligent to their needs, so that half an hour later they were sitting down to an excellent kedgeroe.

For a week Jane painted and distempered, ate Mrs. Bird's concocted meals and listened when she had time to Robert's accounts of his work at the camp.

"It's a marvellously planned place," he told her. "One of the finest architects in England designed it, but there's lots I want changed—the retarded children are treated too much like the deficient ones, and the poor little brats with actual physical trouble aren't encouraged to play the few games that they can manage."

His words went on; all the enthusiasm for his work seemed to be coming back. He no longer spoke with cynical, bitter amusement, as he had of his women patients in town.

Yet lying in bed that night Jane realised that things were not running to schedule, although she and Robert were on better terms than they had been for months, and already the look of withdrawal was fading from his expression. But his interest in her seemed to be mental rather than personal.

The next week brought Jane further diversions in the discovery of old flagged paths in the overgrown

garden and the knowledge that Ruth Lane had run an evacuee children's club in the coachhouse over Jane's stable while the house had been empty. Reluctantly Jane told her she must continue to do so. The country was not proving such a leisurely place after all.

Jane raised her eyebrows wryly at the wide dressing-table with its low, satin-covered stool. So far she'd only had time to make up hurriedly in the bathroom on the occasions when she didn't forget such things altogether.

I'll take things more quietly, she vowed, and the very first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to ring up Neville Carr and ask him over to tea or drinks one evening soon.

She did so just after ten. His secretary answered.

Yes, Mr. Carr is down here between making propaganda films.

Yes, she would see if he could come over. A pause, while Jane wondered rather apprehensively if he would have forgotten her very existence. But apparently he had not done so, for his secretary returned with cordial messages, but saying he could not speak to Jane himself, as he was in his bath. He was afraid his first free day was Saturday three weeks; might he come over on that day to tea?

Rather flaily Jane said he might and hung up. Three weeks was a long way off. She looked at her nails. Perhaps it was just as well, for they were a disgrace.

It was astonishing the excuses the evacuee children found to wander from their club into the house.

Gradually, as Jane recognised Ethel from Eileen, and Stanley from Albert, a bond of queer respect and affection was growing between them, and when Robert came in for supper Jane found she had a good deal to discuss with him and could listen to his own comments about the children in the camp with a new interest.

"We seem to talk a great deal these days," he said one evening, after they had been arguing on child welfare for an hour or more. "It's nearly twelve o'clock." He stretched his arms above his head, yawning. His hair, Jane noticed, was ruffled, and he had grown brown with the strong country air.

He is more attractive in the country, she thought, and felt a swift pang when she remembered her lovely unworn clothes.

To-morrow, she decided, I'll really do myself up and be particularly charming. We'll have a special meal, too, and I'll get Mrs. Bird to stay extra time.

Mrs. Bird was accommodating, and Jane bathed and dressed at leisure, having firmly forbidden the members of the club to intrude upon the house. The housecoat that she finally chose to wear was mulberry taffeta, full-skirted and tight-bodied—a distinct success.

The meal, too, was a success. Robert sat down to it with gusto.

"Hungry to-night," he remarked. "Had rather a worrying day with Kitty."

Jane knew all about Kitty's case. A seven-year-old from a bad home, who had all the tragedy of centuries in her enormous black eyes. But Jane wasn't going to talk about the camp to-night. She said, firmly changing the subject: "Isn't this spinach good? It's out of the garden."

Robert glanced up at her, puzzled. "Yes," he agreed. He added: "That's a pretty coat you've got on," and took another mouthful of mutton. Jane waited expectantly for him to go on. He did so.

"As a matter of fact, matron wants me to send Kitty to Trend Hospital, but I won't do it. Admittedly she'd get better treatment for her legs, but mentally she'd go back a lot."

"Would she perhaps improve mentally if—?" Jane started, and was cut short by Robert's eager explanation.

Both of it! Jane thought. Things aren't going at all as I meant. But Kitty's treatment was an absorbing topic. It was not exhausted by eleven o'clock, when the telephone jangled shrilly.

"Who on earth can it be at this time?" Jane lifted the receiver, answered briefly, and hung up.

"It's the warning."

"I'll have to go," Robert told her, struggling into his coat. "You won't be nervous?"

"Of course not. I've got to go, too." She heard the front door slam as she threw her housecoat into a corner and flung on a jersey and slacks.

Two minutes and she was down the road on her bicycle in the pitch darkness. Record time, she told herself proudly, and only realised then that her heart was beating a little unevenly as an explosion sounded away across the fields towards Stoke Pilbury.

She could hear the planes, too, now. She called the two men and rode on to the farm where the fire brigade kept their lorry and hoses. The explosions were getting louder now. A moment later a strange sheet of flame shot up from the edge of the woods, and simultaneously the A.P.S. lorry roared into life.

Wait by the telephone, Mrs. Randall, and follow us up if there's report of another fire," the milkman called.

Jane waited, alone in the small dairy, with its upturned buckets gleaming in the half light of a single lantern. This is like an incredible



FOR SUMMER afternoons Lucien Lelong designs a sophisticated ensemble which teams dull-surfaced black crepe and dazzling white cotton lace.

dream, she thought, and tried to relax her tightened muscles as another series of explosions shattered the small noises to which she had been listening.

Jane was never to forget the bicycle ride that followed the second call for the fire brigade. Down a bumpy cart track to where she could see the forms of men in tin hats silhouetted against an already fast dying blaze, across a ploughed field, groping now against a wire fence.

"A fire in Mason's rickyard," she yelled, and once more the lorry swung round, the men leaped to their places and she was alone again, except for one youth left to extinguish the last embers of brushwood.

The dawn was breaking when she walked exhaustedly down the little High Street towards her own home. Three of the men went with her, gossiping and laughing and yawning, and including Jane in their talk. All the bombs had fallen harmlessly in fields or woods, it seemed.

"Good night, Mrs. Randall."

"Good night."

"You're a very smart messenger, Mrs. Randall. Cheerio."

"Good night. Try and get some sleep!"

She turned into the porch and stood leaning against the side beams, staring into the grey street. The branches of trees showed now against the sky and a bird cheeped softly under the eaves.

Robert came upon her suddenly. "Darling, you'll be cold. Come along in and we'll get a fire going."

He put his arm round her for a moment.

"It's rather lovely now," she said. He looked down at her, and she remembered swiftly another dawn when she had looked up into his face in the half light. Roman-

tically, absurdly perhaps, one night on their honeymoon they had waited for the dawn, lying in a punt beneath some willows. Her heart contracted at the memory.

"Come and make coffee," Robert said.

"Yes," she agreed. "I'm ravenous."

When he switched on the light in the kitchen he stood staring at her for a moment. "Well, you

may have had a tough night, but I've never seen you look so well, or so pretty."

She laughed. "Well, I feel like nothing on earth. It must be the country air."

Jane was up late next day. A mild, soft day, suggesting that spring was not far off, so that she went at once into the garden. There was a lot to be done still, clearing and taking away dead rubbish. It was Saturday and Robert would be home for tea. Mrs. Bird had made what she called an economy cake. They would eat it together and talk again of last night's experiences.

It was only as she heard the click of the gate that Jane realised with dismay that it was to-day that she expected Neville Carr.

It was too late now to do anything. She swung round in her blue overall, brushing the hair from her eyes with the back of her wrist. Neville was coming across the lawn. Tall, elegant, better-looking in maturity than he had ever been. And then she noticed something else. Incredibly he was carrying a brown paper carrier, and a small replica of himself trotted behind him, followed by a tall, amused-looking woman in slacks, carrying another child.

Neville called: "We've all come! I do hope you don't mind, Jane, darling. We've brought you some cabbage plants from our garden, to soften your heart."

"We've got too many, mummy says," the child volunteered.

"Don't put it that way to Mrs. Randall, darling," the woman said, and gave Jane a wide, lazy smile of easy friendliness.

"This is lovely," Jane said impulsively. "I didn't even know you were married."

"He keeps his family dark," Mrs. Carr said. "A wife isn't good publicity for such a handsome male star, is it, Neville darling?" She linked her arm through his.

"Well, it's more that we don't want these infants to turn into spoiled little camera brats," Neville told Jane, and rumped the hair of his younger child affectionately.

Tea was a successful and hilarious meal. The children adored Robert, and Robert was vastly intrigued by Neville's account of the propaganda films he was working in at the moment.

It was nearly seven before they got up to go. Jane still felt a little dazed by this new side of Neville. She couldn't reconcile him with the disturbing, dominant male of the screen, nor could she understand her own lack of response. It should have been horribly disappointing, yet she was conscious only of a feeling of smothered hilarity and a growing sense of communion with the dark-haired woman in the shabby blue slacks.

"Come to tea to-morrow," Mrs. Carr invited, as they finally piled into the car. "Come on your bike, and I'll come half way on mine to meet you."

"I'd love to," Jane said.

It was after their tea next day, when the children had been banished to the nursery for a while, that Jane asked to see Neville's press cuttings. Lesley Carr protested—there were so many of them—Jane would be bored to tears! But Jane insisted and in a few minutes the two women had the bulky books spread out on the rug before the fire.

"It must be very exciting being married to a star like Neville," Jane ventured.

Lesley Carr grinned at her. "Not really," she said: "he's intensely aggravating at times, and very sweet at others."

She flopped over a page and went on: "But then, all men are, I suppose. My other husband was."

"I didn't know you'd been—"

Jane began.

"We were divorced," Lesley said frankly, "but really, looking back on it, I see we were both young fools, always demanding too much of each other. It's different with Neville. We're nicely settled down."

"Settled down with Neville?"

"Yes. I know it's difficult to believe when you see him on the screen. But really we are. The country, odd war work, the babies, are our life apart from his job. Once you get the swing of it, it's grand, and will be better when the war's finished." She smiled and ended: "I'm very contented."

"Well," Jane began, "with Neville for a husband—"

LESLEY grinned at her. "Yes and no," she said, "he's just like all men. I'll admit he's charming, bless him, but not really more so than half the men you meet. We have to be awfully careful of the angles that the cameras shoot him, his ears are a disgrace, and he's always talking shop, but then I'm interested in that, especially now he's on these propaganda films. Of course, they don't mean so much money, but there's much more in them."

"Yes," Jane agreed. "It's the same with Robert's work at the children's camp."

She rode home slowly. New thoughts turned and twisted within her mind. Was it not so much her lack of glamor tactics that had come between her and Robert, but rather some mental estrangement, born of concentrating too hard upon the physical side of their relationship?

Life had gone stale on them, but she saw now that it was useless trying to revive the old raptures by the old methods. Paradoxically, this new approach to intimacy through the mind was even more exciting. Be your age, she told herself, and enjoy it, too.

She found Robert working in the potting shed. "I've got a load of leaf mould coming," he told her, and then added in the casual voice that she guessed covered intensity of feeling: "Just been talking to our landlord. He offered to sell me the place."

"Could you raise the money?"

Robert put down the boxes he held, with a clatter.

"I could. Do you mean you'd like us to?"

"I think it might be rather nice, Robert."

"Jane, darling, if you'd like it I'll jump at it. It'll give us roots when the war's over."

She linked her arm through his. "Come and get supper with me, Mrs. Bird has gone to the whist drive."

It was a good supper. I'm turning into quite a cook, she thought with satisfaction.

Back in the sitting-room, Robert had drawn the couch up to the fire. He had two pencils and a writing pad in his hand.

"Look," he said eagerly. "I'm working out a scheme for putting in a new window and building out a larder at the back. Come and try suggestions, too."

An hour or so later the floor was strewn with plans. Jane's head sank contentedly on to Robert's shoulder. He rubbed his cheek against her hair.

"Ten o'clock. Time for bed in the country."

"Yes," she agreed. His arm tightened about her.

(Copyright)

## your SKIN KEPT



## Matt as a swan..

You envy the texture of the swan's snowy plumage—always so beautifully matt. Give your skin the same lovely texture with Crème Simon M.A.T. This new different foundation cream prevents grease and shine forming—enters into and combines with your skin—tones and stimulates the inner tissues.

## CRÈME SIMON M.A.T.

(MATT-ACTIVE-TONIC)

Prices, 1/6 to 5/9.

Ask, too, for Poudre Simon.

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

## Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense."

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown, or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

## Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength). Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.

## Your Dog

Your dog's coat reflects the state of his health. If it is dull, loose or ragged—if he is listless, or won't eat—start him immediately on a course of Barko Condition Powders—they tone up his whole system.

**BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDERS  
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS



## A book to read

## Gay new song-book for children

Dedicated to a "fascinating young woman of six months"

Neroli Grant McAlister must be one of the youngest people to whom a book has been dedicated.

The book is "Play Songs For Children," by Neroli's aunt, Nelle Grant Cooper, who describes her niece as a "fascinating young woman of six months."

NELLE GRANT COOPER'S gay books of verse are already well known to children.

An edition a year has been published for the last six years of her first two books, "Australians All" and "More Australians," and they are now published in one volume.

Miss Cooper, who is a manuscript reader and saleswoman at a Sydney bookseller's, has been "poet laureate" for her family since childhood.

Her first literary effort was a play she wrote when she was ten years old at Apsley College, Stanmore, Sydney.

"I can't remember its plot or its name," she said, "but I do remember I wrote the main part, the Prince, for myself, and inflicted the play on my fellow pupils."

## Wedding poem

SINCE then she has written poems for family birthdays and Christmas parties.

Her first two books were written for two other nieces, Moira and Lesley Pope.

Moira is now Mrs. Wells, and Miss Cooper wrote a poem for her on her wedding day.

Miss Cooper is such a young aunt that she has not yet attained the dignity of being called "Auntie."

Her nieces call her by her Christian name.

"Play Songs for Children" contains 12 songs of the make-believe world of children.

"Let's make believe that we have grown so small."

"That grown-ups can't see us now at all."

"Let's find a toadstool and let's hide beneath."

"Let's pick some flowers and make a fairy wreath," goes "The Make Believe Song."

Dorothy R. Mathlin has set Nelle Grant Cooper's verses to music, and the gay cover and decorations on the pages are by Pat O'Harris.

The simplicity and freshness of the songs will make them favorites for kindergarten class, or for family sing-songs round the piano.

The volume begins with the Good Morning Song:

"Good morning flowers, good morning trees,  
Good morning sun who shines on me,  
Good morning teachers, children, too,  
A very happy day to you."

And ends with the Good-night Song:  
"The sun has worked so hard all day,



His gleaming smile has helped our play.

But now he's tired, poor Mr. Sun,  
As shadows fall and day is done.  
And so he slowly sinks from sight  
And takes from us his golden light.  
To-morrow he will rise once more  
And shine as gaily as before.  
Good night to flowers, good night to trees,  
Good night, good night, sweet evening breeze,  
Good night to you, dear Mr. Sun,  
As shadows fall and day is done."

## Two-group songs

AS in her other books, Nelle Grant Cooper turns nature study into entertaining rhyme—the grasshopper who has been "Eating the grass away, that's why I'm green"; the brolga bird that dances, or the porcupine who likes for tea, "As many ants as he can see."

Some of the songs can be sung by two groups of children. This is the Bunyip Song:  
The children:

## WANTED an inspiring poster

WITH the approval and support of Commonwealth recruiting officials the Sydney Sunday Telegraph offers prizes of 150 guineas for the most inspiring poster depicting some phase of the present urgent need for reinforcements.

First prize is 100 guineas, second prize 30 guineas, and third prize 20 guineas.

Entries, which should be no smaller than 20 inches x 15 inches, must be sent to the Sunday Telegraph, Sydney, to reach there on October 25.

Result of the competition will be announced in Sunday Telegraph on November 2.

Designs must be submitted under a pseudonym, printed in block letters on the margin of the design.

Name and address of the artist should be placed in a sealed envelope bearing a similar name on the outside. This envelope will not be opened until after judging has taken place.

The judges are: The Controller of Advertising, Department of Information, Mr. I. B. Hatcheson; Mr. Walter E. Pigeon (Wep), Consolidated Press Limited; The Editor of the Sunday Telegraph; Mr. R. Weuban, president A.C.I.A.A.; Mr. William Knight, art director.



NELLE GRANT COOPER with Neroli Grant McAlister, the "fascinating young woman of six months" to whom Miss Cooper has dedicated "Play Songs for Children." Decorations are by Pat O'Harris and music by Dorothy R. Mathlin.

Why I use NEW VEET



Ends SUPERFLUOUS HAIR in 3 minutes

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in three minutes without trouble, fuss or bother.  
2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.  
3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.  
4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/7 and 4/2 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

## Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots; Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

**Elasto**  
REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up and leg wounds heal naturally, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

## Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy, circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

## What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."  
"Heart is quite sound again now."  
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."  
"Elasto" has quite cured my eczema."  
"Now free from piles."  
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

## Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552 B, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' with booklet enclosed from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!



## IN THE CENTRE OF INTEREST

Right in the heart of Melbourne, the Victoria is handy to theatres, main shopping centres, trains, trams, and business and professional centres. Luxurious and comfortable, the Victoria is Melbourne's most popular hotel, and the largest non-licensed hotel in Australia. Each year more than a quarter million guests enjoy the Victoria's comfort, luxury, and convenience, as well as the special guest service which cares for your every need.

THE VICTORIA PALACE

MELBOURNE'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL  
215 LITTLE COLLINS STREET - NEXT TOWN HALL



"ROOM ONLY" DAILY TARIFFS  
Singles - 5/- to 10/-  
Doubles - 8/- to 18/6  
Suites, Family Rooms, etc.  
Full Catering Services.



S. D. HORNE  
Manager



## Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 4

"SAND on your shoes," Sister Grey said, "between the welts of the soles and the uppers. Do you confess—both the evasion and the escape to the sea?"

Richard Neystoke smiled ruefully. How they watched one! Spied on one.

"You are all too clever for me," he said. "And you know too much."

"That is what we are here for," replied Sister Grey. "Of course we are cleverer than you, in our own special department, or how could we help you? And we don't know too much, because it is impossible for us to know too much—about your thoughts and your doings. And your motives for your doings."

"Tell me," she continued, leaning back in her chair and eyeing Neystoke thoughtfully, "searching and yet very kindly. If I ask you a question or two about it, will you tell me, and answer me with the absolute truth and the whole of the truth? And if you see what my questions are aimed at finding out, will you volunteer the information if the questions don't elicit it?"

"I will, Sister," replied Neystoke. "I'll help you to the utmost of my power. I should be a fool to do otherwise. Besides," he added, with the shy smile that made his face so boyish and pleasing, "I'd do anything for you."

"Good," observed Elspeth Grey abruptly. "Tell me this, then. Why did you bolt as soon as Nurse Weston's back was turned, causing her a great deal of unnecessary anxiety and bother, searching high and low for you? She had to report you missing—and she got into trouble

for dereliction of duty. Why did you run away? Do you dislike her?"

"Dislike her!" exclaimed Neystoke, sitting suddenly upright in his bed. "Why! No. Nothing of the sort. I love her."

"Well," observed Sister Grey dryly, "we are commanded to love one another, so you are quite in order. But why do you dissemble your love to the extent of both giving her a lot of trouble and getting her into trouble?"

"I'm really and truly most awfully sorry," admitted Neystoke contritely. "I never thought of that aspect of my escapade. All I wanted was to get away by myself."

"Simply because you wanted to be alone? . . . You are going to tell me the absolute truth, as you promised, aren't you?"

"Yes, er—yes. Of course, Sister. I did want to be alone—er—just then, and as we were in that part of the Park."

"Oh, it wasn't an attack of nerves and a longing for complete solitude? . . . That part of the Park?"

"Near the sea," replied Neystoke, and the watchful eyes noted that a look expressive of unwillingness, not to say sulkiness, passed over the ingenuous face of the Reverend Richard Neystoke. It now looked rather like that of a nice child being defensive lest it be trapped into admission of sin.

"You wanted to get to the sea," she said reflectively. "And you didn't want Nurse Weston to accompany you. You wanted to go quite alone. Wasn't that it?"

"Well . . . yes. Yes, I suppose I did," admitted Neystoke.

"Obviously you did. You know quite well that you did," observed Sister Grey somewhat severely and reprovingly.

"Yes," replied the wretched man. "Why? Did you want to bathe? Did you feel that you simply must undress, rush into the sea and let it wash right over your head—that sort of feeling?"

If he could and would admit that this really was the case, she would have done a splendidly useful piece of work this evening.

"Oh, no! Not at all. I do assure you, Sister, that I had no intention of undressing and bathing. I hadn't the very slightest desire to—er—bathe."

She was a little disappointed, but too well accustomed to such experiences to realise it. Ninety-nine out of every hundred lines of investigation led nowhere . . . So it was not a case of a subconscious urge to rush into the sea and symbolically wash all sins away—or some particular sin?

"You felt you must go down to the sea—but not to bathe. Did you by any chance want to hide something—in the sand? Or throw it as far out into the water as you possibly could?" she asked. He would not be the first patient at Marston Park who was affected with an unconquerable urge to find a hiding-place for something—something quite subjective and intangible.

"Hide something? In the sand? Really no, Sister. I do assure you that such a thought never entered my mind," replied Neystoke with obvious truthfulness.

"Then did you want to go alone in order to search for something that the tide might have brought in and left behind? Do you do that? I mean, do you sometimes feel you must go to a beach and search?"

"No. Nothing of the sort, Sister."

"Have you ever had any painful experience by the sea, or by the water's edge anywhere, at any time?"

"No. Never anything of the sort. I love the sea and have only the happiest experiences and remembrances of it. Truly."

"Very well. Now will you tell me something, voluntarily, and without need for any more of these impertinent questions of mine? Just

tell me the truth as to why you wanted to get down to the beach alone."

"I just . . . felt that . . . I wanted to," was the hesitating reply. "I didn't want Nurse Weston to watch me, there, and see what I did."

"Why—what did you do?" asked Elspeth Grey quickly.

"Nothing, Sister. Nothing. Really I didn't."

"The matron sighed.

"Good-night, Mr. Neystoke," she said. "Sleep well."

Richard Neystoke turned his face to the wall and almost wept.

Nurse Weston, bearing the dainty tray of morning tea and toast, aroused Richard Neystoke from unhappy reverie.

"Well? How did you sleep?" she asked, giving him her pleasant, friendly smile.

"Oh, fair to moderate, thank you, Nurse. No complaints," replied Neystoke, pale and weary-looking. His head ached badly and he felt as though he would like to stay in bed—for the rest of his life.

"Any dreams?" asked Nurse Weston.

Any dreams! What was his sleep but a long horror of dreams?

Feet . . . Feet . . . Feet . . .

"Oh; nothing of any interest," he replied.

"But you must let the doctor judge of that, Mr. Neystoke. I do hope you will. You really must. You will tell him all about them, every detail that you can remember, won't you? You don't know how important it is . . . It's your Unconscious trying to tell you what is wrong. Once we know that, we can get to work to put it right, and then you'll get right. Get quite well again."

All very well for Nurse Weston to talk, but how could he tell Stortford about these dreams—always about feet, generally his own, but sometimes . . . hers. They would drive him mad.

HE was getting so conscious of his feet that he was beginning to think of them as he walked, and that caused him to stumble. And it tired him so terribly to watch them; be aware of them; make sure that they were going where they should; behaving quite normally and looking quite normal too—especially as to color. No red.

Last night again. Three dreams, each about feet; and that mocking punning that was so often a feature of these idiotic but sinister nightmares.

He had dreamed that he was toiling, with infinite difficulty and weariness, up a steep and difficult path that led, he knew, to the Gates of Heaven. Through the dreadful gloom of a dreary minatory landscape, pursued by some undefined but awful fear, he climbed, fighting for breath and aching with pain . . .

At last he reached the plateau and beheld a wall of immeasurable height in which were gates of gold. As he drew near, more in terror than in hope, he was aware of a shining Presence that waited before the Gates of Heaven; and he was aware that he stood, a humble suppliant, before St. Peter. Before he could kneel or speak, the Keeper of the Gate glanced at him, pointed at his feet, and turned away. Looking down, he was aware that his feet were splashed with red.

But he sprang eagerly forward, almost reached the door, shaped like the eye of a needle, that gave access through one of the great gates, when a loud and terrible voice cried:

"Two Feet from Heaven," and he sank, fainting, to the ground, knowing in his agony of mind and body that he could never approach nearer to the Gate, never come within two feet of it.

Feet . . . Feet . . . Feet . . . There was blood upon his feet.

He had awakened from his uneasy sleep, sweating, dry-mouthed and afraid, afraid to the depths of his soul.

Sister Grey had come in later, talked to him as only she could talk to him, and given him a tablet.

He had dreamed again—of feet.

He was in a great Cathedral officiating or assisting at some important ceremony of most solemn and most sacred significance. Chanting a hymn, the choir headed a procession of superior benefited clergy and high Cathedral officials in surplice and cassock, stole and ac-

ademic hood; some, at the end of the procession, in episcopal robe and mitre.

Among them, in a gap that left him very noticeable, prominent and exposed, he walked, correctly dressed for this most solemn occasion, but he was trembling and afraid of he knew not what. And suddenly, he was aware that his shoes were of leather that was scarlet as a soldier's coat, scarlet as—Sin. Then a great voice reverberated through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, beginning:

"Though thy sins be as scarlet . . . and all men knew that the words applied to him, referred to him; and all eyes turned toward him and gazed at his feet, the most conspicuous object in the Cathedral . . . In the world . . . In the universe."

Again he awoke, bathed in sweat and shaking with fear, only to fall asleep again and to dream that he was back in his own church, sitting in his accustomed seat near the altar.

The church was empty and there was no light, although he was aware of his surroundings. He knelt to pray. Light came, and grew slowly. It emanated with a kind of phosphorescent glow from a block of marble, the pediment of a statue, a pediment on which there was some small object, disproportionately small in fact, and not a statue.

The light grew brighter and he saw that what the flat top of the tomb or pediment bore was but two fragments of a statue, the feet of a statue, and they were a woman's feet.

As he stared, again in fear and horror, the feet became recognisable, familiar, feet that he had seen a thousand times . . . He knew them as he did his own; he knew the shoes that they wore. He had once tried to put them on his own feet, for his own were small, even for a rather small man. He was looking at her—but nothing of her was visible but her feet—feet that he had praised and loved.

Suddenly letters of brass, that turned to letters of fire, burned brightly on the side of the pediment; and he read with feelings which were a strange mixture of pain, fear, horror, grief, and a repulsion that was almost disgust:

These are two feet—from Heaven. When he awoke he found that he was weeping.

Yes—it was easy for Sister Grey to talk, but how could he tell those dreams, with their dreadful insistence on the subject of feet, an insistence that was driving him insane, and their dreadful punning on the word "feet"; telling him that he must live and die outside any earthly or heavenly Heaven, and only two feet from it . . .

He had been a fool to come here—and if he had never done so he would never have met Elspeth Grey!

It was the busy custom of Drs. Fieldwicke and Stortford to lunch together at Marston Park upon alternate days, and discuss the progress of their patients; Dr. Stortford reporting matters of note to the senior partner, and making proposals and suggestions in the light thereof.

"And what do you make of the Reverend Richard Neystoke now?" asked Dr. Fieldwicke one day in the second week of that patient's sojourn in the nursing-home. "Personally I'm inclined to like him very much, and to feel rather sorry for him . . . Got anything yet?"

"No-o-o . . . No," replied Stortford slowly and thoughtfully, as he deposited his cigarette-ash in his coffee-saucer. "He has defeated me so far, though I fancy I may be on a scent that will lead somewhere . . . But that he's thoroughly on the defensive, I feel certain. He'd give anything to be cured, except the one thing—the price he'll have to pay—confession of something or other."

"Like that, is it? You think he's really conscious of what it is that's causing the neurosis?"

"I am pretty sure of it. But I think there's considerable subconscious trouble too. If he'd confide in Sister Grey, if not in Nurse Weston or me, and get the conscious part of it adjusted, I think we'd soon find what's festering in his subconscious mind. Something pretty serious, I should say."

"Dreams at all interesting?"

"Only as being good stock stuff. Tremendous mother—complex. Loathed and feared his father, and has made his Old Testament God in his father's image. Strong inferiority-complex."

DR. STORTFORD paused, then went on: "He's up against his job, and doesn't know it . . . Dreamed the other night that he was conducting a funeral in Westminster Abbey and that with surplice, cassock, and stole he was wearing very bright red boots and a cocked-hat with plumes!"

"Pretty indicative," smiled Fieldwicke.

"Yes. Another night he dreamed he was preaching from his own pulpit and was suddenly aware that his voice was making no sound at all. He had been struck dumb. And when he went to flee from the pulpit he found that he had no trousers or boots. He prayed that his bright red socks might be spared unto him, but, no, they too vanished and he was barefooted."

"Ah! Bare-footed. Did that strike him as particularly bad?"

"Yes. I asked him that, and he said it seemed an appalling thought that the congregation should see his bare feet."

"Very interesting—and helpful," mused Fieldwicke. "You'll follow that line up, eh? . . . I suppose it is the feet-of-clay-exposed-to-the-world idea again?"

"Probably—but I'm not sure. He professes to be thoroughly happy and comfortable in his job. Won't confess to any dissatisfaction with his work as Vicar of Wakefield, or wherever it is."

"Nevertheless, it looks as though he'll have to change his job if he wants to save himself alive," mused the doctor. "The subconscious is never wrong. And what else is that cocked-hat-with-canonical-dress-but ridicule on the part of the Unconscious?"

Please turn to page 36



### HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you must keep free from constipation." Nyal Figsen, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a natural way. It acts gently and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Figsen is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get Nyal Figsen to-day and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

### Nyal Figsen FOR CONSTIPATION

### Germolene SKIN OINTMENT BANISHED BABY'S ECZEMA

Germolene skin healing magic scores another triumph! Irritating Eczema, tormented this baby. Soothing Germolene healed it without a trace! Wonderful Germolene. Soothing at a touch. Danger-arresting—sores—soothing Germolene. Let it heal YOU.



Read this Letter! "As a mother who has found such wonderful results from the use of your Germolene I feel I ought to express my gratitude. My little son at the age of two months was terribly troubled with Eczema which tormented his life and mine night and day. After trying various remedies without success, Germolene has entirely cured the complaint. He is now a perfect little chap at the age of 24 years."

Mrs. L. P. From All Chemists & Stores (Prices 1/1 & 3/6) Agents: H. F. Ritchie (Aust.) (Pty.) Ltd., 330/334 William St., Melbourne. (Inc. in Victoria).

### Sketching is the hobby that pays!



Would you like to take a Staff Position or open your own studio and sell sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous training, SCOTT'S can train you for this delightful and lucrative profession, in your own home.

### Scott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 38 Grenfell St., Adelaide; 234 Murray St., Perth.

POST THIS COUPON—CUT HERE. To SCOTT'S (Nearest Address). Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL, ART and Sketching.

My Name . . . . . Address . . . . . A.W.W. 2141

### New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES Corn lifts out

Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-ice . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then work so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frozol-ice is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. All chemists and stores.\*

### DOGGY B.O. BARKO

Does your dog offend? Wash him regularly with BARKO Dog Soap. He gets out of that doggy odour—gives him a beautiful, soft, glossy coat—makes him a pleasant companion.

BARKO 10 BARS 9d. per cake DOG SOAP! All Chemists

### EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turner & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



# Women also Serve..



AT THE Anzac Buffet Women's Auxiliary, Hyde Park, Mrs. A. H. Chartes (left) checks the card index while Miss Betty Gowing (centre), a transport driver, hands over collection boxes to Mrs. Clive Smith, who enters the amounts in the ledger.

## Bookkeeping for the Anzac Buffet

Bookkeeping for the Anzac Buffet, where 10,000 soldiers, sailors, and airmen have their meals each week, has created a tremendous task for the fourteen women who undertook to do the clerical work just two years ago.

Without exception they are women who, before the war, had never seen ledgers or cash-books. Now they keep them with the skill and diligence of trained clerks.

**T**WELVE hundred women are involved in the organisation of the Anzac Buffet. Of this number 700 work at the Buffet itself, cooking and waiting on the tables. The remaining five hundred are the members of the Anzac Buffet Women's Auxiliary, which is responsible for the provision of money and food-stuffs for the Buffet.

"We commenced our work here not realising that the organisation would grow to such an extent," said Mrs. Sam Jones, one of the honorary organisers. "But as it increased so did our knowledge. We have even taught ourselves to type so as to cope with the hundreds of letters which have to be written," she added.

Mrs. Jones, Miss Leo Wray, and Mrs. Clive Smith are at the auxiliary's office in the former Hyde Park Kiosk every day, whereas the other women come in two days a week, working on a roster system.

The auxiliary has established a chain of depots reaching as far as Katoomba and Newcastle. Food and money are collected at these depots and sent to headquarters each week. When the red, white, and blue collection boxes are brought in they are opened, the money counted and sent to the Lord Mayor's Fund, where it is banked and earmarked for the depot's use.

The number of the box, the location of the depot and the amount of money are entered in a ledger. On the other hand, before the boxes go out an entry is made of the number, the date of issue, and depot to which it is to be sent.

In another book is kept the record of the foodstuffs received. No contribution is too small to be recorded. Consequently, in the ledger one sees such entries as "1 packet of tea, 1/10," on the same page as a list of food amounting to perhaps £40 or £50.

A final entry of both foodstuffs and money together is listed in another ledger. This makes a complete and permanent record of the depot's contributions.

The collection boxes and food are

collected at the depots by members of the auxiliary's transport section in which there are seven drivers.

Each wears a grey uniform to match the auxiliary's grey utility truck.

The storeroom is also part of the auxiliary's office, and the goods in it are sent over to the Buffet as required. Every item of food which leaves the storeroom is noted in a ledger.

\* \* \*

### Australian soldiers need herbs to spice menu

"An appeal will shortly be made to all State schools in country districts to grow rows of herbs in the school flower-beds. This appeal will be made by the Country Women's Association of N.S.W.'s Herb Auxiliary," said Miss S. F. Warby, the president.

"Herbs are urgently needed to send to the troops overseas," she added.

"They are of great value in cooking, as herbs give flavor to the rather tasteless salt and bully-beef which figures largely on the soldiers' menu. Herbs also supply necessary vitamins."

At its last meeting the auxiliary decided to co-operate with the Australian Fighting Forces Herbs Auxiliary, which has its headquarters in Melbourne. All herbs grown in N.S.W. will be sent to Victoria, where there is the machinery for drying and preparing herbs.

\* \* \*

### Soldiers send letters of thanks for socks

SINCE the Gallipoli Legion's War Auxiliary was formed a year ago, its members have knitted 2000 pairs of socks. These have been distributed to men of the 2/1st Field Regiment through the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

Pinned to each pair of socks is a card on which is printed the auxiliary's name. As a result the auxiliary has received many letters of thanks from grateful soldiers.

Mrs. M. Fleming is the president.

### Aid for soldiers of Russia

ONE thousand girls will sell buttons on Russia Day, which will be held on October 17 to raise funds for the Medical Aid to Russia Committee.

At the same time a Spring Fair will be in progress in Springfield Avenue, which will be opened by Lady Halse Rogers, wife of Sir Percival Halse Rogers, president of the committee.

Already Australian-made splints, bandages, rubber surgical gloves, hospital equipment, and £10,000 worth of medicine given by the Australian Red Cross have left in a Soviet ship for Russia.

Knitted goods and donations may be left at 6 Wynyard Street.

### First woman fire-fighter to give demonstration

THE first member of the Women's Fire-Fighters' Auxiliary to give a practical demonstration of fire extinguishing is Mrs. Marcia Poy, of Bondi.

The demonstration was arranged for the benefit of the Wans in the Bondi area. Over 80 were present.

A soda acid extinguisher was used and Mrs. Poy showed how it is charged and operated.

Mrs. Poy commenced fire-fighting instruction at the Fire Brigade Headquarters early this year, and was in the first batch of 85 women to obtain their proficiency certificates.

She now spends every Wednesday night at the district fire station at Paddington, where she is instructed in fire-hose drill, book-keeping, switchboard work and fire alarms.

She is a member of the W.A.N.S. in the Bondi area.

\* \* \*

### Comforts Club in Papua raises £1500

IN two months nearly £1500 was collected by the Papuan Comforts Club in Port Moresby, New Guinea, for their Overseas Fund for men who enlisted in Papua for service abroad.

This money was raised by a Popular Girl competition. The winner was Miss Lorna James, whose candidature realised £478. The other candidates were Misses Margaret Leydin (£270), Stella Rielly (£210), Patricia Sinclair (£173), Laurel Preston (£101), Dawn Plannery (£100), Norah Smith (£76) and Valerie Matthews (£72).

The candidates were nominated by various companies in Papua.



Frequent tubbing will preserve their daintiness and lengthen their life

Foundations, like any garment you wear next to your skin, need tubbing regularly. Otherwise perspiration will remain in the fabric—and your good taste and your good sense wouldn't approve of that!

You see, oil is an enemy of rubber. The oily acids in perspiration rot the elastic used in making modern foundations. Washing not only removes these destructive acids; it restores the shape and elasticity of the garment.

### WHEN TWO ARE CHEAPER THAN ONE

Best of all, have two Berleis and wear them turn and turn about. Then the elastic will have a chance to rest in the one you're not wearing. Laundering becomes so much easier, too.

WEAR A TRUE-TO-TYPE

# Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

HOW TO WASH YOUR BERLEI SUCCESSFULLY  
It's easy if you follow these simple instructions.

1. Open metal clips on hose supports.
2. Close the slide fastener, if any.
3. Turn the garment inside out; do not soak it.
4. Wash in LUKE-WARM (NOT HOT) LUX suds. Do not use hard soap—the tiny particles that adhere to the fabric are almost impossible to remove.
5. Wash garment by dipping it up and down and squeezing the suds through the material. Do not rub surfaces of the material together. Avoid wringing or twisting, which tend to damage the garment.
6. Rinse three times in clean, cool water and press out as much water as possible.
7. Squeeze out excess water between towels.
8. Smooth out garment to shape and dry in cool airy place, away from sun. If outdoors throw it over the line to allow the weight to fall evenly on either side. (Elastic must not be pegged.) If indoors, lay it on a towel away from artificial heat.
9. Before completely dry, press fabric portions on wrong side with warm (NOT HOT) iron, gently stretching lengthwise. Elastic sections must not be ironed at all. Voile foundations do not need ironing.



WISE GIRLS KNOW THESE RULES BY HEART!

T-32-41



**S**IMULTANEOUSLY, Streeter revved up his engines and motioned to Johnny to cast off the bow line. The big bi-motored seaplane moved away from the float towards the channel. Johnny folded his bow post, closed the hatch and wormed his way through the companionway to his seat in the cockpit.

He had only time to fasten his safety belt before Streeter said in an impassive voice: "Since this is a check, let's see how you take off in a chop."

"Yes, sir," Johnny said, and took the controls, trying to be calm and appear self-assured.

"You'll make all the take-offs and landings this trip," Streeter said.

Then he added in a dry, stinging tone, "Unless I have to make 'em myself to keep you from cracking me up."

"Yes, sir," Johnny said. He tried, by intense concentration, to remove Streeter to an utterly impersonal status. But he couldn't; he felt too upset. He had to fly the way Streeter said fly, and do every job right the first time.

But the trouble was he had never taken a seaplane off in a chop anything like as heavy as this one. He had never landed in anything really rough. All the captains he had flown with, when the going had been tough, had made their landings and take-offs themselves. His six thousand hours of varied and sometimes dangerous land-plane experience wasn't much help to him now.

So of course he was going to make a lot of mistakes on this trip, and the knowledge filled him with a dull sort of frenzy. The little tricks, the nuances of a finished technique, were developed only by practice—and he'd had no chance to practise.

Bo Streeter knew that. He wished suddenly that he could get Streeter into a plane loaded with four thousand pounds of mining machinery, and make him try to take off from

a pocket-handkerchief field in the Serra de las Minas of Guatemala. He'd make Streeter—

Through the rain-blurred windshield he saw a buoy dead ahead, and gunned the left engine and kicked rudder just in time to swing out and avoid hitting it. He'd better stop thinking of Streeter; he'd better get his mind on his job.

They roared out across the bay, ricocheting from crest to crest, taking quick, hard shocks that had a resonant, tinny sound. And finally, with a gonglike detonation, the hull sliced through the last wave as the wing lifted it clear. Johnny trimmed the ship for the climb, feeling better. If he could do this well each time, he might have a chance.

At one thousand feet under a glooming overcast he set his course toward Anifilla, Cuba, bucking a rough cross headwind. Through the rain he caught a glimpse of Povey Rocks, but after that there was nothing but churning open sea. The automatic pilot was flying the plane now, so there was nothing to do but sit there and keep the carburettor heat steady at ninety degrees, the props synchronised, the heading corrected for drift and the gyro's precession.

They crossed the Florida Straits. At eight o'clock Bo Streeter conferred for a moment with young Sayre, the radio operator; and Sayre, using the goniometer, got a line of position from two shore radio stations.

"Correct your course four degrees east," Streeter said tersely. "This wind's picking up."

Johnny corrected his course. Two hours dragged into three. Streeter sat in outward disinterested silence, but he saw every move Johnny made.

So at last they picked up the Cuban coast and skirted inland,

**"A CLEAR**

case. Also a nice inferiority-complex exposure, in the no-trousers-and-bare-feet dream," agreed Stortford. "Well," said Dr. Fieldwick, rising and extinguishing his cigarette, "I must be going . . . If, later, you really feel that Neystoke has defeated you, I'll . . ."

"Oh, no, no," replied Stortford hastily. "I only meant so far, I'm going to cut his life up into a series of parts, make him do his utmost to relieve them in memory, and then tell me the salient facts that he has recaptured from each . . . I may get fresh clues and new lines, if not something solid."

"Right. I'll give you another week with him for that," agreed the doctor.

Elspeth Grey, briefly resting, sat and sipped her tea before the fire in her cosy and tastefully-furnished sitting-room, thinking over the problem of the most interesting of all her patients.

Most interesting, because most appealing and most attractive? Perhaps.

Certainly, apart from the absorbing question of his illness and its cause, he was a most likeable person; so considerate, so grateful for any help one could give him; and, in spite of his own misery and suffering, so unselfishly anxious to help any other sufferer in any way that was possible. He could and did help others far more than he could help himself.

She would have to break down that stubborn resistance somehow or other. Nor had she any doubt as

## Co-Pilots Don't Talk Back

Continued from page 6

climbing over the hills. At 10.50, late because of that wind, they circled the dock at Antilla. Sayre got the wind and passed that information to Streeter on a radio form. Johnny sighted the buoy, and came in, keeping fifteen inches of manifold pressure.

The bay was not very rough, but rough enough to make a slow landing desirable. Johnny flattened his glide, pulling the speed down to seventy knots, then sixty-eight, levelling off.

"You're low!" Streeter barked.

"Don't burn her on, in this sea!"

Johnny tried to divide his attention between flying the ship and hearing Streeter's further instructions. And in a moment of hesitancy, he let the ship stall and fall in.

It wasn't really a bad landing, but it wasn't a good one. The hull struck with a metallic bang, and stayed there. Johnny had been through worse landings that captains had made.

But instantly Bo Streeter exclaimed scathingly: "Haven't you got eyes? You were high! You dropped her half a mile! Call the steward and see if the passengers still have their teeth!"

Johnny flared stubbornly, compelled to defend himself. "You said I was low! You said not to burn her on!"

Streeter's eyes grew small and black. "When you're flying the ship, you're supposed to think! I suppose if I told you to spin us in, you'd go right ahead!"

"No, sir," Johnny said, and his mouth felt furry and dry.

"I was just seeing if you were flying the ship, or whether you were waiting for me to tell you what to do. No matter what I say, you've

got to fly the ship! Now, after this, fly it!"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said. He was filled with a blank, helpless fury. But he kept his mouth shut. Co-pilots were always wrong if their captains said they were wrong. And co-pilots couldn't talk back.

In stony silence he watched Streeter bring the ship to the dock. Sayre, the radio operator, went forward to the bow hatch and picked up the bow line with the grapple. The beaching crew hauled the ship to the float. In the quiet that followed the clack of the last cam roller, when the plane was docked, Streeter got up and started back to the cabin.

As he passed into the presence of the passengers, still in their seats, he addressed them in a bland, apologetic tone, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder in Johnny's direction.

"Don't mind the rough landings," he said. "My first officer's just learning, you know." He grinned, and went on down the aisle and outside. Johnny, white-faced with humiliation and rage, climbed up on the wing and measured the gas; and then, holding himself rigidly under control, completed his cargo routine. He knew that he couldn't stand ten days of this.

Twice again, when they were landing, Streeter shouted conflicting instructions, and ruined Johnny's landings. The second time, he grabbed the controls, his voice loud and scathing: "Vare, you're in the wrong business—you ought to be driving a truck!"

Johnny said nothing.

At San Juan, Johnny circled the harbor, seeing the line of lights that had been put out by the launch—one red and three white ones. He swung down wind, and then around once more.

**T**HROUGH the rain, the landing lights wouldn't do him much good, he thought; he had better line up with the surface lights and, using them as a level, stall the ship in. He called for full flaps, and Streeter pulled the flaps down.

Then, just when Johnny thought he had everything right, Streeter yelled, "You don't stall these crates in, at night! Fly it on! Gun it—fly it on! Get your nose down and get seventy knots—"

"You take your beastly crate!" Johnny snarled, feeling the words explode in his mouth. The ship was trimmed for the glide. He jerked his hands angrily from the wheel. "Go on and land it yourself—curse your jabbering!"

Bo Streeter, as if waiting for that, snapped on the lights and took the controls. He put the plane on with scarcely a jar.

While he was turning around to taxi back to the float, he looked over and said in an even, mild tone, "Well, Vare, it looks as if you can't take it. I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" Johnny said venomously. "You're sorry!" He tried frantically to stem the rush of his words, but he couldn't. "All day you've been badgering me, trying to blow me up." His fists clenched, and he shook one of them under Bo Streeter's square jaw.

"I'm no kid that you can push around. I need this job. If I lose it I'll never get another with a line in the States, because I'm too old. But if you make one more crack the rest of this trip I'll kick your teeth in!" He glared at Streeter, his eyes sputtering fury. "I'm not kidding you, either!"

"I'll explain a few things, when we get out of this tub," Streeter said.

Please turn to page 38

## Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 34

with his feet and ankles covered

"Oh!" whispered Elspeth Grey softly. "I see now."

"Yes," continued Nurse Weston eagerly. "There's no possibility of doubt. He bathes his feet a dozen times a day; a score of times; oftener, if you count his morning and evening bath and his paddling in the sea . . . Significant and symbolic, I should say."

"Most," agreed the matron. "Really sound work, Lillian. You must tell the doctor at to-morrow's interview. He'll give you a very good mark indeed. It may prove most helpful. Invaluable, probably. Perhaps lead to complete success. Clear the whole trouble up. Well done."

"Thank you, Matron," beamed Nurse Weston. "Shall I say anything to Mr. Neystoke about it? Let him know that I am perfectly well aware that he spends half his time in washing his immaculately beautiful feet?"

Elspeth Grey considered, or appeared to consider, this question for a long minute.

"No," she said at length. "Tell the doctor all about it, but say nothing to Mr. Neystoke. A very great deal may depend on how, and when, he is accused of the—cleanly habit. If his guard is down and it is done suddenly at the right moment, he may say something illuminating; give himself—and his secret—away, before he has time to think."

"Anyway, the knowledge that Mr. Neystoke has this habit should certainly give the doctor the key to the mystery which the poor man is making of some incident of his past. It ought to be the beginning of the end of his trouble . . . Well done, Lillian."

To be continued

### Special Treatment for FAIR HAIR!



Fair hair that has gone mossy "off-colour" spoils your looks — Sta-blond's 7 secret ingredients give back to darkened fair hair its former lighter colour and beauty and prevent light fair hair darkening (no dyes), its amazing "Vile F." (Vitamin F) feeds the follicles, tonics and softens the scalp, banishes dandruff — makes hair like silk.

Sole distributors: Fassett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3479 S.S., Sydney.

### STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

## No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vacuoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

## No more COUGHING!

or Sleepless Nights . . .

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of those stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. C. D. Thomas. He says: "I have had chronic Bronchitis all my life, and Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is the only medicine that has given me lasting relief." You can't go wrong on Buckley's — by far the longest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzingly cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day at any chemist or store.

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

**BOWRIL**  
is the Power of Beef



## DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!

ILLUSTRATED BY NOLAN COOK



2 THE ALBURY LADS DECIDE TO PUT THE TRUCKS OUT OF ACTION AND GO WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD... ALL BUT BARRETT... HE HAS STARTED UP A TRUCK... REFUSES TO HAVE IT DESTROYED. UNDER THE VERY NOSE OF THE ENEMY SUCCEEDS IN DRIVING IT SAFELY BACK...

1 HOT FIRE FROM THE TOBRUK GARRISON FORCES ATTACKING GERMANS TO ABANDON TWELVE TRUCKS. A PLATOON FROM 'ALBURY'S OWN' BATTALION GOES OUT TO SALVAGE THE TRUCKS... AMONG THEM IS PRIVATE W.J. BARRETT... BUT HEAVY FIRE FROM GERMAN INFANTRY STOPS THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS...

3... IT NOW RUNS IN TOBRUK, WELL BRANDED WITH IT'S NEW NAME, "ALBURY EXPRESS"

ALBURY EXPRESS

## Dedication service at the Cenotaph

Sunday procession through city

The 2GB Community Chest, in conjunction with the League of Nations Union, has organised an impressive dedication service to be held at the Cenotaph in Martin Place, Sydney, from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. this Sunday, October 19.

To enable it to be broadcast, The Australian Women's Weekly has cancelled its usual Sunday afternoon feature session on 2GB and is donating the whole of its time on the air to the broadcast.

THE theme of this service is "A Call to the Nation"—to resist and overcome aggression, to overcome evil with good, to uphold those who serve, to secure final victory in the present conflict, to seek a permanent foundation for

world peace and to revive faith in the League of Nations.

The service will be under the direction of Mr. Frank Grose ("Uncle Frank" of 2GB) and the address will be delivered by Sir Frederick Stewart, M.P., ex-Minister for External Affairs. Prayers will be offered by the Rev. Canon Garnsey, Warden of St. Paul's College, and the Scripture readings and Dedication rendered by Mr. P. E. Barracough, president of 2GB Community Chest, and president of the League of Nations Union (N.S.W. branch).

The service will be simple, but national in character, and the singing, which will be led by the Metropolitan Railways Institute choir of 100 voices, conducted by Mr. Herbert Tilbury, will feature Beethoven's "Hymn to Creation." The Congress Hall Salvation Army Band, under the direction of Bandmaster H. Morgan, will also give a recital and accompany the singing.

### Women to march

A PROCESSION of patriotic and civil defence organisations is being arranged. This will leave the outer Domain at 4 o'clock and proceed along Macquarie Street and down Martin Place to the Cenotaph. The following organisations will participate: The National Emergency Services, including automobile drivers, first aid personnel, first aid posts and parties, air raid wardens, rescue parties and decontamination units; the Australian Women's Flying Club; the Navy League; Women's Voluntary Services; Women's All Service Canteens and the Junior Red Cross.

It is expected that other bodies which will participate will include Women's Australian National Services; Women's Emergency Signalling Corps; National Defence League; Women's Voluntary Naval Reserve; Red Cross Voluntary Aid Detachments; Girl Guides; Boy Scouts; and the Australian Air League.

In addition to the time made available for the broadcast by The Australian Women's Weekly, 2GB has given the half-hour from 5 to 5.30 usually devoted to the radio Sunday school broadcast under the direction of "Uncle Frank."

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

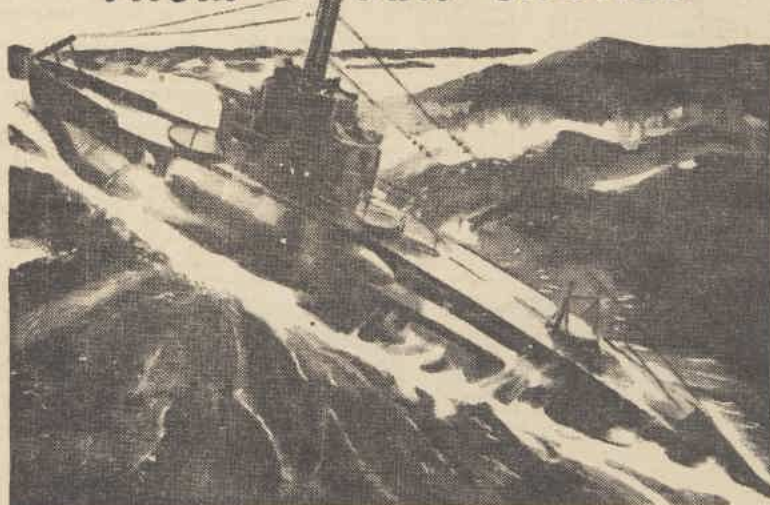
EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.



WEDNESDAY, October 13.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reere—Gardening Talk.  
THURSDAY, October 16.—Goodie Reere in Tales from the Tinkies.  
FRIDAY, October 17.—"Musical Alphabet."  
SATURDAY, October 18.—Goodie Reere presents "Musical Mysteries."  
SUNDAY, October 19.—The Australian Women's Weekly: Dedication Service broadcast from the Cenotaph, Martin Place.  
MONDAY, October 20.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.  
TUESDAY, October 21.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reere in Gems of Melody and Thought.

• Readers are invited to send in to The Australian Women's Weekly suggested subjects for "Deeds That Thrilled Australia." Letters from men in the services often tell of unsung heroes whose deeds should be made more widely known. Endorse your envelope "Thrilling Deeds." For The Australian Women's Weekly addresses see pattern page.

## KEEP WAR FROM OUR SHORES



Money is needed—NOW... to arm and equip a Navy, Army, and Air Force formidable enough to keep war from Australia. It's up to you to find this money and to find it quickly. Tomorrow may be too late.

If you have £1,000, lend it. If you have but £10, lend that, or arrange to invest £10 by instalments. Lend as much as

you can possibly afford. If you have Loan Holdings now maturing, convert them, and make your money work for Australia's security and freedom.

Apply at once, at any bank, money order post office, or stockbroker. Interest is 2½% for 4-5 years or 3½% for 9-16 years. Subscriptions may be paid 10% deposit, balance in 6 instalments to 2nd May, 1942.

Convert your  
**LOAN HOLDINGS NOW MATURING**

HELP! A LADDER! MOLLY WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD THOSE FANCY SLIPPERS NOW...

IF ONLY SHE'D LUX US EVERY NIGHT SHE'D CUT STOCKING BILLS IN HALF!

**LUX**

Cut down ladders with LUX

LEVER PRODUCT U.S.A.



# Co-Pilots Don't Talk Back

Continued from page 36

HE did explain, as they were riding to town. It was all very impersonal, and it was too bad, he said; but he had been trying all day to find out whether Johnny could work under pressure. If he couldn't control his emotions under a little badgering, how could he control them in the face of possible death, in an emergency?

"A real emergency's different," Johnny said grimly.

Streeter's voice held a sincere regret. "But I can't be sure of that unless you can demonstrate it. I put the pressure on pretty hard, I know. But I can't invent real emergencies to test you—and it's my job to find out how you'll react. I'm sorry, Vare."

"You mean I'm—washed up?" Johnny asked.

"I won't make up my mind definitely till we get back to Miami," Bo Streeter said, and he looked very uncomfortable.

Johnny sat there, seeing the lights of San Juan flow past in the rain. He felt sick and forlorn and old.

He knew that no matter what Streeter might say to him now, to soften the blow, the chief pilot's mind was made up already. At the end of the month, one of the names on that list would be: "John H. Vare—lack of emotional control; insubordination; unsuitable material; eliminate." He knew it. He could see it now in Bo Streeter's face.

Intermittently for the next eight days, in a leaden despair that he could not surmount, Johnny sat in the cockpit with Streeter, shuttling through the West Indies.

Streeter had changed. He was pleasant and affable in a formal, impersonal way, he had endless

stories about these little mountainous islands over which the route lay. He did most of the flying himself now, and there was no suggestion of heckling.

The ninth day they started north to San Juan again. But thirty minutes out of Trinidad, the right engine swallowed a valve, and they had to go back. It was nine o'clock when they landed; it was one-thirty that afternoon when the piston and cylinder changed, they took off again.

San Juan was seven hundred and sixty-one miles to the north-westward now, and if they made all their stops it would be long after dark when they got there. And San Juan was reporting intermittent heavy rain squalls and a ceiling of twelve hundred feet, with a gusty twenty-mile wind out of the south-south-east, across the channel.

Bo Streeter studied his cargo manifests and his passenger list as the ship roared northward towards Port de France, Martinique. He had passengers for that stop, and for Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe; and there were passenger and cargo and mail pick-ups at both places.

"We've got a load on this tub!" he exclaimed. "Everything from a bunch of women's hats to a lot of oil-well core samples!" He wrote out a radio message for Sayre to send to San Juan. There were no passengers for St. John, Antigua, and little cargo; he wanted authority to gas to capacity at Pointe à Pitre and jump straight through to San Juan, which would put him there just at dusk.

They were over the Grenadines when Sayre poked a return message through the slot in the top of the cockpit door. Streeter read it, and stuffed it into his pocket, and a relieved look came over his face.

"We're going from Pointe à Pitre to San Juan direct, if we can take on enough gas," he said. But Pointe à Pitre had two extra passengers booked, giving them a full ship; and they found they could take only three hundred gallons of gas, which would give them less than their required forty-five-minute reserve when they got to San Juan. They couldn't go straight through in one jump; they had to go into St. Thomas for fuel. Streeter, fuming with haste, took off.

A murky dusk was seeping down from the clouds as he prepared to land at St. Thomas, and there were squalls in every direction, standing like curved slate columns against the horizon. Streeter made a quick turn and came in with full flaps. The wind was slightly cross, and gusty; even the channel was rough. He put the ship on, kicking it downwind at the last possible moment.

It was just as the hull touched that Johnny Vare saw the changed coloring of the water ahead. It looked like a shoal, but he didn't have time to explain. He rasped out the command, "Gun it!"

Bo Streeter flicked a surprised glance at him. He said, "Don't get excited now—we're on."

And just then they hit. They ripped over the shoal with a terrific detonation of metal, while a racking shock went through the whole plane. "Gun it!" Johnny screamed. "That took out the bottom!"

The plane was staggering through the water, a bow wave shoving the nose up. They bounced off, and dropped back, the engines bellowing, trying to drag the crate clear. The bow wave was what got them off; it kicked them into the air.

For a minute Streeter was too busy to say anything. Johnny said: "What's wrong with the flaps?" He pointed to the indicator over their heads. The flaps had been down and now they were up—and nobody had pulled them up. "There's a hydraulic line broken somewhere."

"Confound the hydraulic lines! Go back and take a look at the bottom!" Streeter barked in a taut, accelerated voice. "I'll sit up here and circle. Make it fast! Be dark in a few minutes."

Quickly Johnny went back through the companionway, past Sayre's cubbyhole, past the stuffed rargo bins, and opened the rear door into the cabin. All the passengers gave him worried, questioning looks, and one of the men in the front seats exclaimed excitedly, "Have we got a hole in the bottom? Look at this water."

Johnny looked. Water had spurted up between the floor panels and spread out in a thin film.

He called Sanchez, the steward. He kept his voice low. "We're in a jam," he said hurriedly. "I don't know how much of a jam. But keep everybody quiet. The worst they can do is get wet. If we can't land normally, we can shove her into shallow water or beach it somewhere." And then he remembered that there wasn't much shallow water in this part of the sea. The land came up from a deep, rough, ocean floor. All these little islands were in reality just mountain tops.

But he didn't worry about that. There was a job to do, a quick job. When he unfastened the floor-panel anchoring screws, a whistling blast of wind knifed his face. As he looked down past the panel into the bilge his heart skipped a beat.

There was a gash eight inches wide and four feet long in the bottom. That shoal had gone through the hull like a massive tin-opener.

Standing transfixed, Johnny Vare knew that this wasn't as mild a thing as he had told Sanchez it would be. When they landed, that gaping hole would sink the ship in two minutes.

He dived through the companionway door, and forward into the cockpit. He didn't know what Streeter would do, but he knew one thing: If they couldn't find shallow water to drop into, they were all going to drown.

He kept his tone calm, but a terrible dread was knotting itself in his stomach, as he shouted to Streeter. "We've got a hole in the bottom four feet long! It'll sink us by the time we get slowed down, when we land! It ripped out the hydraulic line that runs aft—that's why the flaps folded up—we can't put 'em down again, either!"

Streeter's face tightened into a peculiar compactness. He said in a level, brittle voice, "Take her over. Circle the harbor while I have a look."

Johnny said imperatively, "We haven't much gas! Hadn't we better head for San Juan? We'll make it, with ten minutes to spare."

Streeter said flatly, "Circle the harbor," and disappeared.

It was six or seven minutes before he came back. He opened the door, and yelled, "Shove for San Juan! I'm going to wedge that hole full of life preservers and seat cushions and pack all the weight I can on them. When we get to San Juan I'll put her on close to the dock, and stay on the step and scoot her up the ramp!"

Johnny said, "You're the skipper—don't you want me to do that work, and you stay at the controls, just in case—"

"I've got to fix that hole so we won't sink while we get to the ramp," Streeter snapped. "You circle over San Juan till I get finished back there." His head disappeared and the cockpit door slammed.

Johnny turned west, over the blackening open sea towards San Juan. He was worried about Streeter's plan. It was a good idea—if it worked. If it didn't work,

they would all end up on the bottom of San Juan harbor, trapped in the ship as it sank.

A few minutes later Sayre stuck his head in the cockpit. "I've advised San Juan we're coming in with a hole in the bottom!" he yelled. "The skipper wants me in the cabin now." He went back.

Johnny bored on into the darkness. There wasn't much gasoline left. Both main tanks were dry. One of the auxiliaries had run dry, while Streeter had been making his survey. They were on the last auxiliary—fifty-four gallons—enough for a scant forty minutes. And they were still at least thirty minutes from San Juan.

Johnny held his course steadily, counting the minutes.

The glow of San Juan grew out of darkness ahead. The gas gauge showed almost zero. Streeter wouldn't have more than five minutes to get squared away when he came back to the cockpit. Johnny could hear the dull banging from the cabin, as the crew fought cargo into place to weight down the stuff over the hole into the hull.

"They'd better hurry," he thought nervously.

He was over San Juan now. He started to circle. The chilling thought went through his mind that if the engines ran out of gas after the plane was on the water, and before it could be beached on the ramp, there'd be no hope for anybody to get out alive.

He circled the harbor again, still hearing the banging back there. And just then he saw both gas-pressure-gauge needles waver.

The tanks were empty. The engines were running on the gas that was still in the lines.

THE lights of San Juan were below him. He was afraid he could not reach the ramp, even if he made a quick turn and flopped into the channel. He was afraid there wasn't enough gas to keep the ship on the step from the channel up to the ramp.

With a peculiar icy clarity of mind that precluded excitement, he started a fast turn, debating the courses of action left open.

The danger of dropping into the channel was etched into his brain. Then, suddenly, he remembered the airport site south of the seaplane base. It wasn't completed; it was in the midst of construction, with dredges still pumping in fill. A landing there was a crack-up, probably—but at least nobody would drown.

Streeter was still in the cabin, doing what he could to prepare for the landing on water—he wasn't prepared yet, or he would have come forward. So, sitting up there alone, Johnny knew he must make the decision himself. In less than a minute, Streeter or no Streeter, hole or no hole in the hull, the plane would be down.

He turned slightly, and went into a straight glide. He couldn't see much through the rain. It frightened him to see how much altitude he had lost in the turn. The altimeters showed three hundred feet. Then two hundred. He eased the guns on to 1200 revs, fearful of undershooting and crashing into shore. He snapped on his landing lights, seeing them spear down and strike wind-ruffled water.

Then the lights leaped from water to muddy black sludge as the ship hurried itself on into darkness. Johnny cut back the throttles and began to pull the nose up to slow the crate down.

Just then Bo Streeter burst into the cockpit, roaring, "I'm not ready to land! Gun it!"

"We're almost out of gas!" Johnny yelled, without turning his head.

Streeter scrambled into his seat. He stared through the windshield, his eyes not yet dilated to see in the darkness. Concentrating on what was below them, he didn't see the gas-pressure warning lights go on in the cockpit. He bellowed, "You're not over the channel—that's land!" He grabbed the controls, his eyes glued to the windshield, and slammed the throttles wide open.

The engines answered roughly. But almost instantly the right one coughed and revved back, while the plane yawed. The left engine fluttered and stopped.

The plane, nose up, sagged down and struck the ground hard. It skated wildly ahead, bouncing, then slogging through mud, then teetering up, trying to nose over,

over, because Johnny Vare was helping Streeter fight the wheel into their stomachs—and there was that twenty-mile wind. The ship stopped with a jerk and rocked back on its tail.

For a moment Bo Streeter sat there, staring out at the rain and the mud. Finally he said quietly, "High and dry—and on your own, Vare."

Johnny Vare, still trembling, felt a gust of wild rage that he couldn't control. "What did you think I'd do, Streeter—sit up here and yell for you, while the ship fell in the drink? This wasn't a phony emergency—this was a real one. I did the only thing I could do. We're alive, aren't we?"

Bo Streeter turned then. His face had a curious, wondering look. "High and dry," he repeated, "in a seaplane on an unfinished airport—and I almost cracked you up by wasting the last drop of gas because I didn't think you knew what you were doing." He chuckled scratchily. "Maybe that idea of mine to put us into the channel wasn't too bright. This is better. The customers won't even get their feet very wet."

"So what?" Johnny Vare said bitterly.

Bo Streeter peered at him. "So don't worry about that report I'm going to make. Any man who can make a turn like that in the dark, on instruments, and find this place with nothing but buoy and landing lights—"

"You mean that?"

"Yes," Streeter said. He paused for a moment and added grimly, "I'm the one who's getting the bad report this trip. I thought we had about five minutes more gas. I had no business leaving you up here that long."

Johnny took a deep breath; Streeter was probably right. He was the captain and he had left his post in an emergency. The "brass hats" in the investigation, would learn from the passengers that the captain had been in the cabin when the co-pilot started down to land. Suddenly he knew what he was going to do. He got up and tipped Streeter's white cap forward with his hand.

"The only thing I remember, captain," he said, "is that we planned it this way. And my word ought to be as good as yours."

In the front of the cabin he paused and waited for Streeter to emerge from the companionway. Over the excited voices he could hear the shouts of the beaching crew from the Grande Island base as they approached, wading in the mud of this unfinished field.

Johnny lifted his voice to the passengers, made it blandly sarcastic: "Don't mind the rough landing, folks, the captain made it. But he ought to know better—he's been flying long enough."

He went outside, then, into the wet darkness—feeling good. He had an idea he and Bo Streeter would do a lot more flying together, and that they would get along well.

(Copyright)

## New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of ARRID have been sold. Try a jar today!

**ARRID**

2/- a jar. Also in 4 oz. jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.



**MEN CAN'T REALISE —** and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special actovin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## PAIN THAT WAS TORTURE SHE HAD TO TELL A "white lie"

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping."

Try Myzone with your very next "pain."

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

vanish permanently when treated with "VANIX," the application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

### "VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissue, dissolves and finally destroys them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 15 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 272 Lt. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 25 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores like magic. The Nixoderm—to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Itchworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm NOW 2/1**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



# The Homemaker

October 18, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

## It's fun to make SAVORIES

● When you're having a party, you like to impress the guests (or nine women out of ten do, anyway). A little ingenuity brought to bear on the savories, with the help of the recipes on this page, will make your visitors admiring to the most gratifying extent.

**W**HY not practise on small informal occasions, such as supper after the pictures or tennis teas, with artistic mouthfuls made from pastry cases, twists of pastry, toasted bread shapes, and cracker biscuits?

Eggs, cheese, and onions top the list of usefuls for the more generous luncheon and supper snacks.

Here are some recipes, but there's no limit to the variations you can make on the savory theme.

### SAVORY CASSOLETTE PASTRY

(For hot or cold savory platters)  
Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon grated sharp cheese, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, dash of cayenne, 1 egg, 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour, baking powder and pinch of salt and cayenne. Add the horseradish and mustard. Rub in the butter and add the grated cheese. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and water. Do not knead, but roll lightly to a sheet thickness on a lightly-floured board. Cut into rounds and line small party tins. Prick well or weight each with paper rounds and rice. Cook until crisp and brown—about seven minutes—in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) Use for hot or cold savory snacks.

### JELLIED TOMATO CASSOLETTES

(For savory platter for supper or late afternoon)

Twelve small pastry cases, 1 small tin tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped eschlot, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1-8th teaspoon celery salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water.

Dissolve the gelatine in boiling water and stir into the tomato juice. Add the chopped eschlot, sugar, lemon juice, sauce, and celery salt. Chill until firm and chop. Pile into the small cassiolettes and top with chopped or sprigged parsley, minute celery curls, or a prawn dipped in mayonnaise.

### GREEN PEA SALAD CASSOLETTES

(Colorful on a cold savory tray)

Twelve pastry cases, 1 cup green peas, 4 small red onions, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon freshly-chopped mint, mayonnaise, paprika. Slice the onions and combine with the celery, mint, and carefully cooked green peas. (When cooking the peas, flavor with sugar and mint, and be careful not to overcook.) Pile the vegetable mixture into the pastry cases, top with mayonnaise and dust with paprika.

### CRAB MAYONNAISE CASSOLETTES

(Savory dinner appetiser)

Twelve small pastry cases, 1 small tin of crab, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, mayonnaise, tiny lemon wedges.

Combine the crab, lemon rind and juice, celery, and parsley, and moisten with mayonnaise. Whipped cream may be added if the budget allows. Pile into savory cassiolettes and serve with tiny lemon wedges.

By . . .

MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

### POTATO APPLES

Parboil large potatoes and scoop into balls with a melon scoop. Insert a clove and deep fry in fuming fat. Season while hot with pepper and salt. Dust with red paprika and serve hot or cold. These may be served skewered with cheese cubes or colored onions on cocktail sticks.

### CHEESED CARROTS

Grate a sharp cheese finely. Flavor with onion juice or finely-minced eschlot. Moisten with mayonnaise and shape into small carrots. Tip thick end with parsley and serve on buttered cracker biscuits.

### NASTURTIUM SAVORIES

Combine cream cheese with chopped capers and finely-minced celery. Moisten with cream, mayonnaise or melted butter, and pipe, using an open rose nozzle, on to butter cracker biscuits. Sprinkle with grated egg-yolk and top with nasturtium flowers.

### SCRAMBLED CORN WITH SIZZLED BACON

(Saturday night snack—very late)

One tin corn, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 bacon rashers, 1 tomato, parsley, pepper and salt, 3 slices toast.

Whip eggs well, add milk, butter, and corn. Cook slowly until just set, stirring constantly. Pile on hot buttered toast. Remove rind from bacon and slice tomato. Grill tomato and season, and grill bacon until crisp and curled. Serve scrambled corn piping hot, topped with sizzling bacon and garnished with tomato slice and parsley.

### TWO-DECKER TOMATO SALAD

(Midday salad snack)

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, salt and pepper, 3oz. cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped radishes, lettuce leaves, 4 thin slices of onion, mayonnaise.

Peel tomatoes (revolved over gas flame) and cut each in 3 slices. Sprinkle slices with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Combine the cream cheese, onion, parsley, and chopped radishes and moisten well with mayonnaise or cream. Arrange tomato slices on lettuce; top with cheese mixture and then with second tomato slice; cover with cheese mixture again and then top with tomato slice garnished with a thin slice of onion and parsley sprig. Serve with wholemeal salad wafers.



CENTREPIECE of gay nasturtium savories for this platter of titbits, which includes potato apples, cheested carrots, cassiolettes of jellied tomato, green pea salad, and crab mayonnaise. See recipes on this page.

## BREAKFAST ON THE 'SPIRIT OF PROGRESS'





# Recipes from our readers

ONE pound is awarded for the best recipe received each week, and 2/6 consolation prize is given for every other recipe published. Send us your favorite recipe. It may win a prize. Write it clearly on one side of the paper only, and attach your name and address.

## RAISIN PIE DE-LUXE

Two cups raisins, 1½ cups boiling water, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, grated rind of 1 orange and half a lemon, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 1 cup chopped nuts, plain pastry.

Stone and cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes. Add cornflour, sugar, salt, and grated orange and lemon rinds. Cook until thick, add the beaten yolks of eggs, then lemon and orange juice and chopped nuts. Line a tin plate with plain paste and cook. Fill with mixture, and pile on top a meringue, using whites of the eggs. Return to oven and bake until meringue is delicately browned. If necessary, an extra egg-white may be added.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Larkin, Harlaxton, Toowoomba, Qld.

## BISCUIT FREEZE

Half cup condensed milk, 4 tablespoons raspberry jam, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup whipped cream, a packet of sweet plain biscuits.

Blend together condensed milk, jam, and lemon juice. Fold in whipped cream. Open the top of a packet of sweet plain biscuits (the kind wrapped in thick waxed paper). Remove all but the bottom biscuit. Place a large spoonful of filling on this biscuit, add another biscuit, and press down firmly. Repeat this process until all biscuits and filling are used. Close top of packet tightly, and freeze 12 hours.

● First prize in our recipe competition this week is won by a reader from Queensland with a delicious raisin pie. On this page too you will find another varied selection of recipes sent in by readers.

When ready to serve remove paper and slice diagonally. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cold custard. Serves 7 or 8.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss C. Walpole, c/o 44 Accession St., Bardon W4, Brisbane.

## PAWPAW CHUTNEY

One large pawpaw, 1lb. seedless raisins, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, 6 peppercorns, blade mace, 6 cloves, 2 bay leaves, 1½ pints white vinegar.

Peel pawpaw and cut into small squares. Cut raisins in two. Put fruit into saucepan, add peppercorns, mace, cloves, bay leaves, all tied in muslin bag. Add sugar and salt; cover with white vinegar. Boil fruit till tender, remove muslin bag. Bottle in airtight jars. Stand in sun to clear.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Hooton, 25 Baden-Powell St., Rockhampton, Qld.

## ORANGE DRINK

Six large oranges, 1 lemon, 2oz. citric acid, 1oz. tartaric acid, 1 packet Epsom salts, 5lb. sugar, 3 pints cold water.

Squeeze the juice of oranges and lemon into a saucepan. Put all skins through the mincing machine and add to juice. Then add citric acid, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, sugar, and cold water. Bring all ingredients to boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Remove from fire, strain, and bottle when cool. Makes 5 large bottles and will keep for six months.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. A. Neilen, The Highlands, Maleny, via Landsborough, Qld.

## PINEAPPLE CARAMEL CUSTARD

Half cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 cups milk, 1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple, 1 cup cream.

Put sugar in a frying pan, stir constantly over a slow fire till a golden brown syrup forms. Then put in a greased mould. Beat eggs with sugar and salt. Add milk and pineapple. Pour into mould. Set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven till firm. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Jones, 82 William St., Balaclava, Vic.

## SAVORY SNOW CAP PUDDING

One cup macaroni, 1lb. minced steak, 1 ripe tomato, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon herbs or lemon juice, half cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper.

Cook macaroni for 20 minutes in salted boiling water. Drain. Place minced steak in bowl. Add salt, pepper and other seasoning, also breadcrumbs and beaten egg. Mix well. Turn in thinly-sliced onion and tomato. Line a buttered mould with the macaroni. Pile in the meat mixture, press down, and cover with greaseproof paper and steam for 3½ hours. Turn on to an entree dish and serve very hot (garnished with parsley, creamed potato and white sauce).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Hamilton-Casey, 17 Cliff Rd., Collaroy, N.S.W.

## BARBECUED POCKET BOOKS

One pound hamburger meat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 large onions, 1 eight-ounce bottle catsup, 1 cup water, 1 cup chilli sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon chilli pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, baking powder scones.

Combine hamburger, salt and pepper. Form into thin patties, approximately 1 inch in diameter. Brown in fat. Top with slices of onion. Combine catsup, water, chilli sauce and seasonings. Pour over meat. Cover and cook slowly for 1½ hours.

Roll scone dough to 1-inch thickness. Cut with a 1½-inch cutter. Butter lightly, crease through centre. Fold one half well over the other and seal by pressing the edge. Put rolls close together on a baking sheet. Bake.

To serve, open scones and insert a tiny barbecued hamburger. Arrange on plate with cut side up. Or place a casserole of the meat and a plate of scones on the buffet table, letting guests make their own. The meat is delicious served with mashed potatoes. This will make approximately 50 appetisers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Raymond, 3 Elizabeth Bay Rd., King's Cross, N.S.W.

## PIQUANT VEAL

One pound veal, rind 1 orange, juice 1 lemon, flour, pepper, salt and stock.

Rub veal into flour and seasoning and cover with stock. Add lemon juice and rind of orange (previously boiled for about 5 minutes). Cook in casserole 1½ to 2 hours. Gravy salt may be used to darken if preferred. Simple and unusual served with toast or sliced potatoes on top of meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Haysom, 6 Mont Iris Ave., Glen Iris SE6, Melbourne.

## MALT CRUNCHIES

One cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1lb. butter, 1 large tablespoon malt extract, 1 large teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix all dry ingredients together. Melt butter, malt, water, and carbonate of soda all together, and stir into dry ingredients. Take small portions and flatten out in palm of hand, and bake on a buttered slide until a golden brown. Do not remove from the tray until cold.

Kept in an airtight tin the biscuits will keep indefinitely.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Richards, 89 Blair St., Bondi Beach, N.S.W.



CARRY a piece of art gum rubber in your handbag, says Miss Precious Minutes, to erase those marks which shoes are apt to make on silk stockings before the end of a busy day. Carole Landis, 20th Century-Fox player, who always looks spick and span, finds it a good plan, especially when she wears two-tone shoes.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN buying a frock with white collar or white trimmings, see that they are removable so that they can be laundered.

IF your house is old and inclined to smell "musty" after being closed or in wet weather, use turpentine on your mop to rub up polished floors or linoleum.

A PINCH of salt added to whites of eggs will make them whip more easily.

WHEN you want to ring the changes on potato salad, try adding thinly-sliced Brazil nuts.

When you're ready for lunch...  
**LUNCH IS READY FOR YOU!**



FOR LUNCH—treat yourself—or the family—to Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. They're quick, easy and inexpensive to serve... and oh! so delicious! Serve them steaming hot from the can on toast or with ham, and watch how lazy appetites are sharpened and satisfied. Joy of living for a few pence.

Serve Them WITH BACON for Breakfast ON TOAST for Lunch AS A VEGETABLE for Dinner

**HEINZ**  
OVEN BAKED  
**BEANS**

*For their teeth's sake*



**APPLE**  
*after every meal*

If, after every meal, each child eats a piece of raw apple, you give him an advantage that will last through life. Apple after every meal cleans the tooth enamel of that sticky film of food in which decay germs breed. Apple minerals and vitamins make the teeth strong. Vigorous apple munching stimulates jaws and gums. Give children apple frequently. The life-long advantages far outweigh the cost.

C3R



It's most important to . . .

## TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET

● It doesn't matter how much money and time you spend on your clothes, your hair, and your complexion if you haven't a serviceable, well-cared-for pair of feet to carry you!

**W**HAT is the use of a new hat and the latest hair-do and make-up if your brow is continually creased because your feet are weary?

Your foot is a complicated piece of mechanism containing 26 bones, and woven about them is a network of muscles, ligaments, and nerves.

Take a good look at yours in front of the mirror. If the arches are collapsing (which you can feel through the fact that your feet are always aching, and see by the lack of curve in the instep), you should consult a good chiropodist.

A visit to a chiropodist will repay you also if you have bad, painful corns, and he or she will advise you on subsequent treatment.

By JANETTE



**WHEN YOU GO TO A DANCE**, be sure that your evening shoes are comfortable. Then you can look as happy as Rita Hayworth, Warner Bros. player. (Above.)

**DUST THE FEET** with talcum powder before putting on your stockings in the morning. It's an especially good tip for hot days. (Left.)



THESE LOVELY FEET and ankles belong to pretty screen actress Carla Lehmann. All film stars pay great attention to the care of their feet, or they would never stand up to their arduous work.

The lads overseas say  
'send us **Gibbs** please'

Put a tin of Gibbs in every parcel for that boy of yours in the Navy, Army or Air Force. The handy tin doesn't squash, doesn't waste or make a mess in his kitbag.

Gibbs guards against decay — keeps gums and teeth healthy. And Gibbs lasts twice as long as many other dentifrices.

At all Chemists and Stores

The largest selling solid Dentifrice in the world.

G.18.24

A skin that's  
like the petal  
of a rose . . .

So radiant, so warmly feminine, so velvety smooth to touch is the complexion that receives the regular beauty care of Corinne Rose Cream! Corinne Rose Cream is at once the just perfect powder base and the natural beauty emulsion for the skin.



**Corinne ROSE CREAM**  
THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES



## Toe exercises

**TRAIN** them to be more flexible by taking each toe in turn between finger and thumb, revolve it from the socket where it joins the foot.

Sit down on a chair, spread your toes, then bring them together. Do this several times. If you like you can stand, when the exercise will also be good for the ankles.

Point your toes as a toe dancer does. Try this sitting, keeping the knees straight. Later you may try standing on your toes.

Now (this is more difficult, and you may need support at first) rise on tiptoe, descend slowly and sit on your heels, still on tiptoe. Try to walk on tiptoe in the sitting position. This is hard, but in time you'll learn.

Now, standing, hold the back of the chair, and spring quickly to the tips of the toes.

All these exercises will strengthen the muscles of the feet and ankles, and consequently improve your foot comfort.



## Look ahead to your SUMMER AND AUTUMN GARDEN

**N**OW, in the warmth of October, seeds and seedlings for summer and autumn beds must be sown or set out without delay.

Asters, firm favorites, should be sown in seed-boxes. Planted now they stand up bravely to the sun around Christmas time; or if they are sown later on they will bloom until the frost cuts them down.

They produce good blooms for a long time if afforded rich, well-drained soil which has been well worked to nine or ten inches.

No garden would be complete without snapdragons.

You can get them a few inches tall, in almost every color of the rainbow, in medium sizes, and in tall skyscrapers that only the lanky hollyhocks can really look down upon.

Sow the seed lightly in seed-boxes that have a fair amount of wood-ash and no fresh manure.

● Spring is here with all its floral gaiety, and it's time for the gardener to prepare for the summer and autumn pageant.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

The fluffy ageratum or floss flower is another that can be sown now. It is a fragrant flower, and of a delicate shade of blue, a color no gardener can over-sow.

For a gay display, few flowers excel the brilliant Californian poppy (*eschscholtzia*), which does not like being transplanted and must be sown from seed in the beds.

Candytuft suggests Old English gardens, and is as easily grown as any wildling. The hyacinth-flowered varieties are beautiful, rivalled only by the umbellata types, which are bigger.

Annual types of Canterbury bells can be sown now. They range from pure white to pink, Cambridge-blue, violet-blue, and deep rose.

Delphiniums can also be sown from seed now, and will flower in autumn if given rich soil, good drainage, and plenty of attention during the early stages.

The annual chrysanthemum is often overlooked, although a plant that is not at all finicky as to soil.

The plants grow to about 4 feet in good soil in an open, sunny position. The flowers are borne on long, thick stems.

The gaudy gaillardia stares bravely at the sun during the hottest days, and never turns a leaf. *Lorenziana* mixed are the best to sow now, and they flower the same season.

Godetias are hardy annuals that do well under trees or shrubs, and seem to enjoy some protection and shade on hot days.

For the backs of the beds sow *celosia*, *amaranthus tricolor*, and its gay variety, *amaranthus salicifolius* (fountain plant). These lovely foliage plants give glorious splashes of autumn shades, reds, yellows, purples, orange, and plum.



LOVELY SPRING display of stocks, *primula malacoides*, and two varieties of *nemesia*—compact and heavenly-blue. Our Home Gardener reminds you that, while your spring flowers are blooming, you must prepare for summer and autumn.



BOY, OH BOY! IT'S AGES  
SINCE WE'VE HAD  
**CHOCOLATE  
CRACKLES**  
GEE, THEY TASTE GOOD!



Made in 5 minutes  
without cooking!

Maybe it's a while since you've made Chocolate Crackles. Then make them to-day. Nothing so tempting—nothing so popular. Yet they're made in a moment. There's no cooking needed. Truly you can do the most marvellous things with Copha. Never be without a packet on your shelf—it keeps indefinitely. And while you're about it, do try Copha for steamed puddings. It makes them so digestible.



FREE — A book containing 100 Copha recipes. Write to the Copha Company, Dept. C.C., Box 2425EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE SAME VEGETABLE SHORTENING THAT  
MAKES SUCH DIGESTIBLE STEAM PUDDINGS

### CHOCOLATE CRACKLES (NO COOKING NEEDED)

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)  
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)  
2½ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)  
8 ozs. Icing Sugar, 8 ozs. COPHA.

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over them. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 2½ to 3 dozen.

Cut out and paste in recipe book. C.9.17N

## "Medico" Tells You What to do ABOUT THE RISK OF TETANUS

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, we are going to my brother-in-law's farm for a holiday. The kiddies are looking forward to their trip, but I am worried. There are so many horses about the place, and the kiddies will go barefoot. I dread the thought that they may cut their feet and develop tetanus.

DOCTOR: Every parent knows this feeling. I had that same fear a few years ago. Indeed, I was almost afraid to put any manure in my garden for the same reason.

Until recently, tetanus was a disease against which we could not take very adequate precautions.

For some time now we have known that the risk of tetanus could be reduced by an injection of anti-tetanic serum after a likely wound

had been sustained. (Deep puncture wounds are the most likely to harbor tetanus, as the germ cannot live where it is in contact with air).

But there was always an element of risk that the injection might not have been given in time to prevent the tetanus germ doing damage.

Moreover, after several injections of tetanus antitoxin some people became sensitive to the serum and further injections were followed by rather distressing reactions.

Now, however, it is possible to be immunised against tetanus in just the same way as one may be immunised against diphtheria.

Realising that the toll from war wounds in the 1914-18 struggle would not have been nearly so great had not tetanus so often supervened, scientists and research workers set to work to find some way of permanent protection.

For the past 20 years, workers in Britain, United States, and Canada, as well as European scientists, have been experimenting and investigating to find an injection which would confer lifetime immunity. Now they have found it.

This "toxoid," as it is called, when given to patients in two small doses about four to six weeks apart, produces a high degree of resistance to tetanus, although the process of developing complete immunity takes several months.

The immunity conferred by the first two injections can be enormously stimulated by a third or "boosting" dose given six to twelve months after the second of the two original injections.

The value of this active immunisation to tetanus has had a wide trial in most modern armies of the world, including those of France, Russia, Italy, and Britain. The experience of the British Army during the epic evacuation from Dunkirk provided a good test. Neither in that experience nor in any other have any cases of tetanus been known to occur in those who had previously been immunised against it. All Australian soldiers are immunised with this "toxoid."

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

#### Popular errors

**O**WING to the more widespread teaching of "Mothercraft," fewer mistakes are now made in the first weeks of a baby's life than were prevalent some years ago.

However, some popular errors still remain, such as the supposition that breast-feeding and bottle-feeding cannot be combined.

This and other popular fallacies are contained in a leaflet which has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SWW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



## Space-saving furniture . . .

● Nowadays, when space in modern homes and flats is comparatively restricted, designers turn a good deal of their attention to unit furniture and convertible pieces.



ABOVE: These four chairs can be arranged variously as a small sofa and two chairs or a large sofa and one chair. Four together would make a temporary bed for an unexpected visitor. They are in Mexican checks on a beige background, with curtains in similar material.

BY  
OUR HOME  
DECORATOR

LEFT: The mirror gives an illusion of extra space to this room. Hand-blocked linen in leaf vein design, in two shades of green, covers the unit chesterfield.

### Harsh purgatives did this!



If you could take a look over hospital records, you'd be shocked to find how many surgical cases originate from the overuse of harsh purgatives. Harsh purgatives will not—cannot cure constipation. True, they sometimes give you temporary relief—but at what a cost to your system!

#### Regularity—The natural way

There's one safe, and natural way to end constipation—get more "bulk"—producing foods in your diet. It's "bulk" that makes your bowels move—and you get it in raw fruits and vegetables. But normally, we never eat enough of these foods. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran.

#### Ends constipation in a week!

The "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft mass in the intestinal tract, where it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning, served with milk and sugar, and within a week you'll be free of constipation. Don't let another day go by—start tomorrow, to get yourself regular this safe, natural way. Your grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran; get a packet today.

THIS SIMPLE, beige-covered day bed, placed near a sunny window, is an excellent notion in the flat that owns only one bedroom. The two-tiered table in the right-hand corner is space-saving, too. The plain cupboard alongside the bed is one of those useful pieces for a flat, since it may be used for linen, china, or clothes. (Right.)



LINEN in two shades of blue covers this comfortable unit set of chairs, and the striking curtains show a huge blue design on an off-white background. Along the wall is an arrangement of bookshelves, desk, and cupboards combined in one compact piece of furniture.

**DYNAMEL  
MAGIC!**



20 MINS. LATER



**NEW TABLE  
with DYNAMEL!**



AND IT COSTS  
ONLY A FEW  
PENCE!

You can make that old kitchen table of yours look like new with Taubmans Dynamel—and it will cost you only a few pence! Your one tin of Dynamel does so many jobs that the cost of each is amazingly low. Dynamel is better than enamel. Goes twice as far. Dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. Anyone can do a good job with Taubmans Dynamel. Choose from thirty lovelier colours on the Dynamel Colour Card.

If you have any home decoration problems at all, then just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration, at 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W. T.I.



# INVITE THESE OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS TO LUNCH

This KRAFT is the tastiest SPREAD cheese of all!



Mickey's right! You just can't beat it's delicious flavour



Just the thing for school lunches

We like... the way it... spreads,

Uncle Donald!



Mickey... Minnie... Donald... and "the Nephews"  
All on KRAFT SWANKY SWIG re-usable glasses.

FIRST YOU SERVE OUT OF THEM -

THEN YOU CAN DRINK FROM THEM

If you like a spread cheese with a real tang and bite to it, then here's your cheese - Kraft Spread Cheese in Kraft Swanky-Swig re-usable glasses. You couldn't think of anything nicer for sandwiches, savouries,

snacks or supper. What's more, Kraft Spread Cheese comes to you in these tricky Swanky-Swig glasses. All your old friends - Mickey, Minnie, Donald and the Nephews! So start now to collect the whole gang of them.

ASK FOR **KRAFT CHEESE SPREAD** IN **KRAFT SWANKY SWIG** RE-USABLE GLASSES

Here's a nourishing

## KRAFT MAIN COURSE DISH

that will make your mouth water

**KRAFT Cheese and Macaroni Pie** . . . .  
Delicious, easy to prepare, inexpensive . . . and packed with nourishment. Remember, one 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar contains all the goodness of four pints of rich, creamy milk. Kraft Cheddar is extra rich in proteins, vitamin "A," milk minerals and the calcium you need for strong bones and sound teeth. Kraft Cheddar always stays fresh . . . keeps its creamy deliciousness to the last slice.



Serves 6 persons at 3½<sup>p</sup> each!



£5 to Mrs. E. Young, Inc., Herbert Street, Belmont, N.S.W., for this recipe.

### KRAFT CHEESE AND MACARONI PIE

Ingredients: 1 dessertspoon butter; 1 medium tomato; 3 large onions; 3 tablespoons stock; 4-ozs. macaroni; 1 tablespoon bread-crumbs; 4-ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese; 2 tablespoons chutney; 4-ozs. minced or finely chopped bacon or ham; 2 large cooking apples; 1 teaspoon cayenne; 1 cup milk; 1 heaped dessertspoon flour.

Method: Cook macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain, add milk, and stir in flour, blended with a little cold water. Cook till mixture boils and thickens. Add butter, salt and pepper to taste, cayenne, and most of the cheese. Cook minced onions and skinned tomatoes in stock till tender (cook gently), add to macaroni, with cheese, chutney, stewed

apples, and minced ham (previously cooked). Line a pie dish with short crust mixture and sprinkle with remainder of cheese. Bake till browned.

**£5 FREE!** Do you know of a tasty, economical dish you can be paid for any recipe accepted and published in Kraft Women's Weekly advertisement? It must be a Main Course Dish or an entree, and must serve four or more persons for 4d. or less per person. (State to address shown on coupon.)

FREE!

THIS EXCITING BOOK OF KRAFT RECIPES—"CHEESE AND WAYS TO SERVE IT"

In N.S.W. write to Box 1969V, G.P.O., Syd.; in Queensland to "Kraft" Walker Cheese Co., Brisbane; in Vic. and other States to Box 1673N, G.P.O., Melb. (Enclose 2d. in stamps for postage, etc.).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

A80

**KRAFT CHEDDAR CHEESE**—  
for tasty Main Course Dishes!